

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

VOL. XIX. NO. 7.

TRENTON, N. J., APRIL, 1907.

5 CENTS A COPY

More Extracts from the "Zeno" Mss.: *The So-called* *"Tribe of Fools"*

(Written at Paris, 1892.)

* * * * * I placed myself in the chair, and pulling out a slate (I carried the piece of rock, about the size of your hand, in the hip pocket for writing purposes) I wrote grandeloquently: "I want your tonsorial skill to be applied to my hair and also the lower hirsutic appendage done away after the most approved fashion, the mustachio to be left *statu quo*."

The oiled villian looked at the slate and showed it to a fellow barber. The latter could arrive at the solution of my language with no greater success. Another barber was appealed to. Failure again. The boss of the shop showed the same dense ignorance, but, possessing, I suppose, greater probity than the others, he tapped my head with his finger.

On the verge of bursting into a perspiration with trepidation and vexation, I wrote, this time, intelligently: "I want a hair cut and a shave."

"How do you want your hair cut?" asked the boss.

"Off," I replied.

The barber smiled and the whole shop laughed, much to my discomfort. Anon, the cloth being duly tucked around my neck so that I could hardly breathe, the comb began to travel over my head in jerky movements and the grating sound of the scissors could be felt. Looking straight into the mirror with a petrified neck for fear that any other attitude was indelicate and highly displeasing to his tonsorial majesty, I saw the barber cracking jokes with his fellow workers. Could he be making fun of me? Did he know I was having a shave for the first time in my life? Perspiration burst out in dead earnest on my forehead, and I began to recall stories of the treatment of deaf-mutes in barber-shops. One teacher told me his experience which was as follows:

He had determined not to be talked to by the barber; so he dropped in and pretended he was deaf.

The barber drew his fingers gently across the face and said: "You have a strong beard, sir."

There was no reply.

He caressed the silky locks and queried:

"Have a shampoo, sir? Your head is somewhat loaded with mother earth."

The stillness remained unbroken.

"Shall I wax your moustache, sir?"

No reply.

"Sea-foam, sir."

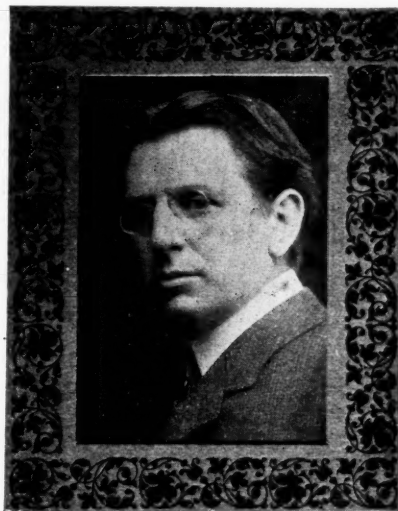
The teacher drew out a small tablet from his pocket and wrote on it: "I am deaf and dumb."

On the wall beside the mirror hangs a large "No Credit" card. The barber turned it round and the motto on the reversed side

read: "Deaf and dumb men—Double Price."

"No shampoo, no wax, no sea-foam," cried the disgusted teacher, suddenly finding a voice.

"All right sir," responded the barber,



"ZENO"

Otherwise the well-known Deaf Sculptor of Oakland, California.

"Thought I'd fetch you round. Fine day, is not it?"

I looked for the "No Credit" card. Surely enough it was there. More perspiration.

My beard was now being attended to. My face lathered in a magnificent style, the razor began to travel over it, and how smoothly! But O God, suppose the barber should be so absent-minded as to cut off my moustache! Had I better write again and tell him more explicitly to let it alone? I dared not to create a disturbance by lifting the spread (I felt as if I was tucked away in a bed), or perhaps, after all, he knew his business. He seized my nose. I closed my eyes and shuddered. One-half of the moustache was gone—ruthlessly mowed down in its budding season, and with it vanished the hopes on which I had, during the three long months of my summer vacation, built my wildest air castles! How I had caressed it day and even night, and, with the aid of a little round mirror carried in the vest pocket, watched over its growth with tenderest solicitude and trained the feeble tips by gentlest persuasion and friction to curl up in the "most approved fashion!" It is true that the moustache had the scattered appearance of a baseball nine. But when I go back to the Institution, how it would gasp with astonishment! A ripple of giggles would be sure to sweep over the

high class girls like a stray breeze agitating the bosom of a tranquil pond, when they caught sight of the dear brown and downy things, and I would be the envy of the boys. The matrons might look on approvingly, and even the old Dr. Kingley might put his hand on my shoulder and say with his customary gentleness which yet could never get rid of the earnestness of a pedagogue, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis. Yesterday a toddling child, and today quite a man!" The toy edifice of my cherished expectations and promises was tumbled down, and, in my crestfallen state, I little cared if the barber next cut off my nose.

He held up a bottle and I nodded. My head was shampooed.

He held up another bottle, and I nodded. The head was oiled.

He exhibited still another bottle and received my unprotesting assent. The head was—I do not remember what was next done to it, for I must have accepted the baptismal outpourings of a dozen bottles.

When I rose from the chair, that combination of villian, buccaneer and cut-throat wrote on the slate, "\$1.50." I paid, trying for the world to look as if I knew all along that it cost that much to remove my moustache. I went out on the street in a dazed condition, the two conflicting emotions of which were an undying resentment against the barber on one side, and a feeling of exaltation, on the other side, consequent upon the consciousness that you had gone through a process of an extraordinary bodily purification. Have you not often felt how your selfrespect mounted many times higher, when you know that you present an uncommonly clean appearance with the skin of your face as smooth as a child's and your hair carefully pasted down your forehead? Your shoulders unconsciously stand back, your gait is firmer, and you greet your friends more cordially than is your wont. I walked five blocks and suddenly I adjusted my sombrero carefully and stiffened myself up. Three beautiful young ladies were coming up the street. As befitted the torrid weather, they were attired in finery of bewitching white, with straw-hats dazzling in their profusity of piled up embellishments. As they walked, they gave so pretty and airy a swirl to their many flounced dress that momentarily I expected them to be caught up on a passing current of air a wave a good-bye to me as they floated into the firmament. I staggered a little as I passed them, and then a dread seized me lest they turn and look at me, whereupon I walked still more awkwardly. A corner of a street was providentially at hand, and I turned into it.

To my surprise a park stretched before me.

How soothing to your spirit is the sight of the green stretches of grass, flowers and shrubbery! The lawns seemed to say: "Do not mourn the loss of your moustache. The hair will grow again. Though the mowing machine mutilate the grass, yet it grows again." The rose-bushes seemed to have this language: "Trimming is useful. It quickens the growth." The trees seemed to take me into confidence this wise: "You will have a strong beard by and by. What it is you will know fast enough, for some razors are fierce." Paths threaded in and out of groves and led to still wider and more handsomely kept roads. Flocks of black birds contributed a joyous stir of life to the scenery, as they flew over lawns, vibrating masses of dark spots in the air, the red wings of the males flashing here and there in the sun-light. By and by I found myself on an avenue leading up to a brick building, presumably a residence of an official with several buildings flanking it on two or more sides and rising above the tree-tops like immense barracks. On the borders of the greenswards I observed several decript-looking men sitting or reclining on benches. Approaching one of them I took out my slate and wrote. I might have made the simple grammatical and sensible question:

"Please tell me what this place is." But I could not get rid of my Preparing-to-enter-the-Gallaudet-College style and I filled the slate with this pellucid, crystal and translucent English: "A stranger in this city, I crave your indulgence to enlighten my confused faculties as to what quarter of the earth I am in."

Pellucid, crystal and translucent language, undoubtedly, but I am much older now; at any rate I am past the age when robber-barbers can swindle me, and I believe I am somewhat improved in English now. One of my dear college professors, while admitting that my grammar was pretty good, made it a rule to write at the top of my learned essays: "Boil it down. X. Y. Z.", and I remember him with charity and gratitude. Verbosity to the verge of absurdity is a weak point with most of us intelligent deaf-mutes. It is quite common to see a paper read by a deaf-mute, which begins with pendant, labored and involved language in the beginning and drops by degrees toward the end into weak and undignified sentence-making, thereby minimizing the force with which he desired to convey his thoughts to the audience. He is not aware that sustained strength from the beginning to the end, even if he uses a simple style, is a far greater achievement than the labored attempt to assemble words in such a manner as to confuse the reader by entailing on him an increased effort to grasp at his meaning. Write as fast as your pen can go; think naturally (you of course must have ideas by the time you sit down); avoid frills and flourishes or turns and twists of language that you do not understand; and your efforts will result in more agreeable and pleasing English. Every student in architecture is taught the first rule: it is proper to ornament construction, not to construct ornaments. If you have a liking for the beautiful and the lively, ornament your language if you can, but do not stick on ornaments, any more than you would on the side of a house. Do not be afraid of deaf-mutisms. I write deaf-mutisms occasionally and like them. It is so easy to correct them afterwards. Pedantry with deaf-mutisms is ridiculous; good honest English mistakes is not absurd as it is good to see a natural style in a deaf-mute. Modesty becomes him, for he is the last person to pretend to much. Why he should pass for what he really is not, I do not see, for, as we possess to-

day no pride of precedent and but little promise of prominence in the future, the probability is by far greater that we will never produce a deaf-mute who will be accepted as a literary light anywhere else, than not. I am aware that there are many things in this book that you take exception to; I am not ingorant that certain of my statements are considered so ridiculous that they cause bitter resentment among those who are so vain as to feel that they are directly insulted; in fact, I may have so aroused the basest passions in you that were I today adjudged to be a lunatic, you would herald the fact with every evidence of savage delight. But I am no friend of sham or exaggeration, and I have no fondness for giving greater importance to anything than it really possesses, or representing it to be what it in truth is not. Until the facts are modified by evidence, I must as a honest chronicler set them down as I find them. I believe that a deaf-mute never was, is, or will be, able to write.

The foresaid man of the vacant look whom I accosted on the border of the greensward, took my slate and, to my amazement, essayed the legerdemain trick of making it disappear down the collar of his coat. I rescued the slate with difficulty and tried another man. He accepted my tender with perfect urbanity and straightway fell into a brown study of the pellucid, crystal and translucent language for fully five minutes without once moving his head; and, not a little hurt in my feelings, I made another rescue. The third man was approached. He burst into a laughter, turned the slate upside down, looked at the other side, squinted his eye to see if one edge was straight and at last attempted to balance the slate on his thumb. The mystified state of mind I found myself in, left me no other resource than to part company with that facetious crowd and seek for information at the brick building. There was a nurse girl on the lawn in the front, taking care of three children and much distracted by hysterical trotings to and fro between the baby carriage lest its youthful occupant tumble out and the fish pond lest the two little boys create a diversion by joining the finny tribe. As I came near the house, I read an inscription that finally enlightened me. I was on the grounds of the State Insane Asylum and the motely minded crowd that I had just left were convalescent or harmlessly insane inmates of the asylum let loose in the park so that they might have the fullest benefit of the sunshine! In after years I often had occasion to accost strangers who have every appearance of being intelligent beings and they would, after reading my writing, turn the tablet upside down, read the name of the stationers printed thereon, investigate the other leaves of the pad and in every conceivable manner, act foolishly, so long did the simple fact that I who accosted them, was deaf and dumb, sink into their befogged brains. Whenever I meet such a person, my mind invariably reverts to those poor creatures sunning themselves in the park of the insane asylum.

The inscription also announced that visitors were admitted only on Wednesdays, and as it happened to be that particular day, I rang the door and was kindly received. An intelligent attendant took me through the male wards which I left a sadder and wiser man.

Perhaps my ingenuous appearance prepossessed the officers in my favor, perhaps the fact that I had announced myself as a pupil from the State Institution for the Deaf, created interest, it turning out that Dr. Kingsley and the resident physician of the insane asylum were not professionally unknown to each other, or perhaps the wife of the physi-

cian, the mother of the three foresaid restless hopefuls, intuitively knew that there was an eating canker of grief in my heart apropos of the destruction of the moustache, but the rule of not admitting male strangers to the female department, was suspended in my favor, and I was turned into the care of the matron to see such of the wards under her charge as was permissible.

The woman wore the distinguishing dress or uniform of those who exercise authority in the several departments, and, in addition to a splendid matronly carriage, had that beautiful white complexion that belongs to those who lead strictly regular lives or spend much time in vigil by the side of sick persons. That face you often see in nuns. I had an idea that I had seen her features without being able to tell how, where or when. It must be through that subconsciousness—that sixth sense on which you editors write learned dissertations—that I felt attracted to her, as if I had known her somewhere, perhaps intimately, or at least under circumstances that made close relations between us probable. As she explained this or that thing, she kept using speech in the intervals between the use of the slate pencil, which embarrassed me much. I had to touch my ear again and again and shake my head.

At last I had to explain that I was stone deaf.

"I reckoned you learned to speak," she asked in surprise.

"No, not I," replied I, "that is, I had never acquired sufficient skill either in speech or lip-reading."

"I believe," insisted she, "as there was a school where the deaf and dumb pupils learned to speak."

"The Institution that I come from," was my explanation, "uses both signs and speech. It uses what is called the combined method. There are schools that claim to discard gestures and teach by speech alone, and we call them oral schools. There was such a school in the state, but it ceased to exist long ago."

"It must be the school as I was thinking of," replied the matron. She became thoughtful for a moment, and added: "There was one little deaf and dumb child as I knew and loved, who went to that school, and I wonder what has become of him. I was nurse at the orphan asylum and the boy was there too. He fell so sick that we thought he could not live, but at last he got well and we found that the poor thing had become deaf. By and by he forgot to speak, and they thought him sort of a savage, for he attacked the lady principal of the asylum and hurt her much, but I reckon it was because they did not understand him. In my company he was as sweet and docile a child as I ever saw—a beautiful boy whom I loved much, and it broke my heart to part with him. He was sent to a school for children who could not hear and speak. I took him there myself, and where he is today, I would give much to know."

"Why, I must be that boy," replied I, "My name is Clarence."

The mutual recognition was instantaneous, and we were in each other's arms. I kissed her as tenderly as I did when a child. The old-time nurse Maria who befriended me, when the world seemed to be against me! A sacred something as of thankfulness filled my heart. Thankfulness that she was my friend in those days of my unhappy childhood. Thankfulness that she lived to learn how grateful I was. Thankfulness that I, instead of being an ignorant and uneducated man, could write and read and tell her what I truly felt. Thankfulness that there was a Providence ruling our destinies, as undoubtedly it did in

this strange meeting. The woman was henceforth to enter into my life and become a part and parcel of it, as you will by and by know, when I unfold my tale. Even as I write, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth, a stately, white-haired and fair complexioned woman of whom my wife is passionately fond, comes in to say that she has put my babies to bed with less boisterous opposition on their part than usual; she had learned the hand alphabet ever since she—I must not anticipate my story. The reader can guess and, it sufficing, I will take up again the thread of the narration.

Now, in an unexpected meeting like this, it is awkward to write on a slate. You want to say many things, much of it perhaps vapory nonsense, but when you take hold of your pencil, how unnecessary and even puerile the words that you would not hesitate to speak aloud under the emotion of the moment, look if put down on paper in black letters!

A further stroll through the building was out of question. As a privileged guest I was invited to Maria's room which looked out on a pretty bit of flower-bed which a patient was watering.

"My great nature! Can this really be Clarence and grown too!" the nurse managed to write on the slate, looking over me with bright eyes. She held her hand two feet (an exaggeration undoubtedly) above the floor, to show that I was that tall when she last saw me; then she spoke aloud to me and wiped her eyes and once more held her hand above the floor, and finally she rushed around to locate the sheets of paper and pencils which seemed somehow not to be in the accustomed places.

At last we sat down, she all earnestness to know how I got along all those years. I told her how I ran away from the oral school—I could not avoid branching off again and reverting to the wrong impression at the orphan asylum that I was a cannibal, a fire-eater or any other personage of a bloody frame of mind. I had lost my hearing and of course my speech, and had to lead the life of a hunted animal in the midst of those hearing boys, my misfortune exciting them to acts of persecution, for which they knew they could not be called to account as much through my fear as through my utter want of the power of reprisal. I could not speak, write, make signs—how could I make known my troubles? I attacked the Directress? I hoped her toes smarted as much as my back did. Why, I had picked up a dying kitten which was run over on the street and tossed by some gamins across the fence into the yard, and carried it with much tenderness to the directress. I could not explain what had happened to it; at least I expected the big fat woman of whom I stood in much awe, to pat me on the back for playing the part of a good Samaritan and otherwise show signs of interest and sympathy. Instead, she seized me by the neck and rained blows on my back and head with her parol, upon which, unable to break away from her grasp, I turned upon her with the fury of a beast at bay, stamped on her feet and upset her. I reverted to this incident with a sort of savage relish. It was odd to explain the why and wherefore of an event that happened years before, and was the directress not unnecessarily severe? The nurse admitted such was the case, and, going back to the oral school, I told how unhappy I was there and how cruel the principal Mr. Scarab was. Next I explained my life at the great Institution, how it was under the care of a good and learned man, how skillful the teachers were, all of which information I found was superfluous, for the school was well-

known to Maria by reputation. You may be surprised to know that the employees of the different state establishments sustain a kind of free masonry. The attaches of one asylum know what is going on in another—who is going to be married, who is discharged, who is dead, and even one or two scandals happening in one place, are discussed with befitting gusto around the servants' table in another place before those stories are two weeks old.

I asked Maria to tell about herself.

"You remember that milkman at the orphan asylum?" asked she, with a faint suggestion of a blush.

I nodded and smiled in such a fashion that the blush deepened.

"Well," wrote she, "I am one of the people who love to stay at home and plod me little around and I thought I would be nurse at the orphan asylum all my life. But one day the milkman—he was Mr. Oldham and I am Mrs. Oldham—asked me to be his wife and I did not say no, for he was a good sort of a man and had put by a pile of money. So after you went away we were married and we left the asylum and bought a farm fifteen miles out by the river. It was a bit of good wheat land, about eighty acres, which is all wants if he cares to live humble and think only of comfort, and we thought that with God's blessing we would live happy. But in the winter it had snowed uncommon strong in the mountains and when the warm days came, the river rose and broke the levee and our land was flooded. All our live stock was gone. When the break was repaired we returned to our home. Mr. Oldham was unhappy and put back on account of the loss and hard work, as it made him think the place worthless, then he caught malaria which is a bad thing for a man as has much worry. Not being strong he turned his face to the wall and died. It was hard on me, but God knew best and confiding in Him, as I did, I never complained. I sold the farm as I could not manage the land all alone no more. I came here and bethought me of a place as nurse like I used to be at the orphan asylum. I was offered a position here and was at last promoted to be matron of the women's quarters and I have been here ever since. I have asked God to make me contented and odd times I think He has granted me prayer. Then again—you know we are weak—may be it is not best for us to rest too easy."

She handed the sheets of paper to me as she wrote, and I read them one after another. In the intervals of waiting, I looked out of the window. In the distance, the steam of the slow traffic was rising from the slow running river and over the scenery there was a shimmering of heated atmosphere. The last days of summer were at hand, which reminded me once more that my vacation would in a day or two be over and I return to the Institution—the great splendid Institution where the "disinherited" are taught to stand up in the face of the world and say, "We, too are men!" Next my eyes wandered around the room, to the narrow iron bed which was oftenest unoccupied, when at all hours of the night the cry of a patient summoned the nurse on her mission of mercy, to the crucifix in the corner with its assortment of candles, beads, pictures of saints and other sacred objects for the woman was a devout Catholic, to the enlarged crayon portrait of the late Mr. Oldham—a face of a man who did his best but failed: I knew and liked him at the orphan asylum and remembered his courtship. The sequence was that I found my interest centered in a row of photographs on the mantel piece under the foresaid crayon portrait of the man who did his level best

and failed. As I could judge the photographs were those of one and same person, and the most amazing thing about them was the wonderful beauty of the woman who sat for the pictures. On seeing the face, you would unerringly pronounce the temperament of its owner to be predominately artistic, so easy and perfect were her attitudes that you believe an actress was posing before the camera. A photographer may have the skill to get you in the right attitude, or you may have that innate feeling for getting into the right position to get the most telling effects, but the insane woman was not posing: hers was that artlessness that in itself is greater than art. Insane? Why, the photographs tell you plainly that she was a ward inmate: she wore a costume of the same material and pattern as that of the other women in the asylum. But either because loving hands bestowed more care on her than on others, she had on a bit more finery than a woman entirely bereft of reason would care to wear. One picture showed her sitting against foliage somewhere in the garden with a great bunch of Lillies of the Valley in her arms and a summer hat tied with fillets of white under her chin so that her face was surrounded as though with a halo. Exquisite was her childish figure, exquisite the tapering of her fingers, exquisite the poise of her neck on sloping shoulders, and her hair! how luxuriant the curls were! There was especially one striking picture showing only the face and bust. In it she leaned her cheek on one hand, the hair falling round in so rich clusters on naked shoulders and arms, that they formed a frame around a face moulded in features of wonderful beauty. There was a wild, strange and hunted expression in the large eyes, as though the troubled brains behind them had once known the blighting effect of a crushing sorrow, a biting misfortune or, perhaps, a great punishment that is ever the wages of sin. They looked straight forward with such a wistfulness, a sadness, and I do not know what else moon-struck madness, that the memory of it haunted me for days afterwards.

I was curious to know what circumstances led Maria to place on the shelf so many pictures that were evidently cherished treasures. Was the woman a dear friend? Was she related to the matron? Was she an actress or a celebrated beauty? I called Maria's attention to the photographs.

She threw up her hands and wrote: "My great nature! why did I not tell you that she was deaf and dumb like you?"

We are liable to do foolish things under two circumstances. When I say *we*, I include you excellent hearing teachers of the deaf. One circumstance is, when in a strange and out of way place where we feel somewhat lonely, we are suddenly touched on the shoulder by a deaf-mate. How surprised we are! and how, with many nods of the head and other indications of excitedness we ply him with questions! What institution was he from? When did he graduate? What was his business? And we begin to have a feeling of comradeship for him only to find afterwards he was an ex-convict. The other circumstance is, when a hearing person unexpectedly accosts you and talks to you in the hand alphabet. Agreeably surprised, you immediately ask him how and where he learned the alphabet, what the name of the deaf cousin who was his playmate, was, what institution was his *alma mater*, and so on. I had that feeling, when I discovered that Maria had a deaf and dumb patient! What was the name of the woman? Where was she from? Was she married or single? How did she lose her reason? How long was she in the

asylum? I will let Maria tell the story. I could not have written that language, much less memorize exactly what she wrote, you may say. It is not difficult to answer. On taking leave of the good nurse that afternoon, I got her permission to carry off the sheets of paper on which she had written the narration, and I yet have those papers with me this day. All the gleanings that made up this book, I had collected in the same manner. Sometimes I burrowed into files of old newspapers (i. e. p. included) and sometimes I had access to scrapbooks of deaf-mutes which had clippings dating as far back as to my childhood days. Dr. Pitt, for example, was an encyclopædia of information. I am glad today to make the above declaration so that credit may be placed where credit really belongs, for I have no skill as an author. I have had a college education for which I am thankful, and I have a taste for reading which I have not ceased to cultivate assiduously, but beyond that, I have no pretension to the ability of writing English as it should be written by a great writer or to the ingenuity in weaving such intricacies in the plot of a story that impossibilities seem to be probabilities and probabilities to be facts. When I carried off Maria's writings that day in my coat pocket, I was little aware that I was in possession of one of the links in my strange career. Maria made misspellings, but my fondness for her forbids any desire to expose her to ridicule and I have corrected her language in places. Except for such changes, the story is given here as it came from her uncultured pen:

"The girl is dead. I am glad you ask about her. A sweet child as I knew you long years ago, I do not wonder that it is like your kind heart to take an interest in her, and I will tell you about her. I loved her as much for the memory of the boy I nursed at the orphan asylum, as for her own sake, and her state was what I could never reconcile with my perfect trust in the goodness of the Heavenly Father. She had been here for some time before I came. Who she was or where she was from nobody knows, and nobody ever called for her. She was found wandering in the streets, and from the way she talked to herself in the sign-language, they knew she was deaf and dumb. Were she a hearing person, some clue might have been had from the talking in her ravings, but her mind was a blank, and she could neither write nor in any way tell who she was. Her dress and underwear were fine like she was a lady used to gentle living. I still have the underwear and the clothes have initials sewed in them in silk. She also had a locket with a photograph of a smooth faced and handsome looking man in it and several valuable rings, and these jewels she was allowed to wear here till she died, and I am still keeping those jewels with the holy things in that corner, in the full faith that Virgin Mary in her mercy enshrouds the poor girl's soul with her love in the great hereafter. Intercept for her, sweet Mary, Holy Mother of Jesu, intercept for her. Her body is in the little green plot in the cemetery where my husband sleeps, as I could not think of seeing her thrown in an unknown grave, and I know in my heart as I make no mistake that some day God will make known the mystery and we know who the girl was. In that case I will give the jewels and things into the hands of those to whom they rightfully belong.

"She was one of the gentle patients as are quiet and never make no great trouble. She continued at times to talk to herself. At such times she would sit motionless by my side, with my hand in hers and then start up with her blue eyes wide open like a frightened

creature and walk shaking, her head and making the same motions with her hands over and over again (I had the nurse to repeat the gestures the best she could, as she remembered them, and from the motions she made, I judged the interpretation to be: 'There is nothing more for me. There is nothing more for me.'

"Except for those crazy spells, one could hardly believe she was out of her mind so sweet and even gay were the greetings that she had for everybody. Everybody—from the Doctor to the gardener—loved her and there was nothing too good for her that they would not go a long way to get for her, and even the patients loved her as well as their diseased minds could allow them to love anybody. It was a sight to see the men take off their hats and make deep courtesies to her like she was a queen, as she walked by, with flowers in her arms and a garland on her head. Good gracious! how she was beautiful! Her hair was like gold and it curled natural. Her beauty was famous for miles around and so easy and beautiful were her poses that the Doctor had trouble in refusing permission to people who wanted to photograph her. She loved to stand before the mirror for hours and comb her hair and smile at her image and bedeck herself out in the pretty things that she had much more than she needed. If she were ever impatient it was when the colors of the ribbons did not match. The grand dames as come from the city to visit the asylum said she was a real artist, so perfect was her taste. When the patients give theatricals, it was the deaf girl who set the flowers on the platform and all round the chapel till it looked like a fairy place. But she was as delicate as one of the flowers she loved and, like the flower, made only for sunshine and joy. She faded away till she was a ghost of a frail woman and at last she became so weak she could not leave her bed no more. In my love to have her near me, she always had a room next to mine. I was by her side nearly all the time, and as sure as any dumb creature could show it, I knew she was grateful, for she would look up at me in a sweet way like she understood I was her friend. One afternoon after a long sleep uncommon for one afflicted like her, she awoke, and my great nature! I could tell as my experience was no mistake, that she had recovered her reason. She looked wild round like she had never seen the place before. I tried to console her, but she trembled in a way I could not but feel in my heart a great pity for her, but the next moment fear—awful fear—seized my soul, for the girl looked up and spoke to me! Her voice was like a child's, but it was so hollow and unnatural it seemed to come from a tomb. But she spoke intelligible and said: 'Where am I?' I have seen many awful scenes among insane people and often at midnight gone into the cell where a strapped patient struggled in his violence. But the girl's voice made the surrounding silence frightful. I thought I was face to face with a ghost and I was for running to the bell to call the Doctor. By chance, I spoke aloud to the girl, 'At home.' She looked at me and understood, and I knew she was one of the deaf-mutes as could read the lips. 'What home,' said she 'I thought I had none.'

Then, of a sudden, she gave a frightened start and felt of the bed at her side.

—Where is the baby?

"I knew she was thinking of some scenes that took place before she lost her mind, and I spoke up that baby was in the other room, sleeping (pointing to the door).

—Is Edgar come back?

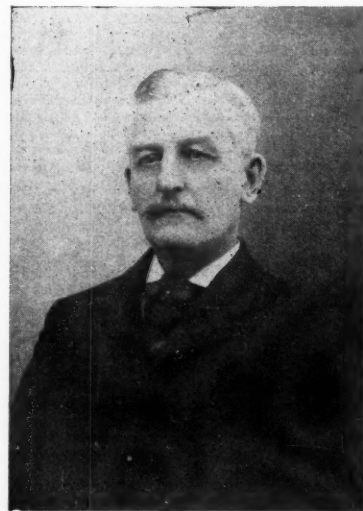
—Yes, he was here half an hour ago. He has been taking care of you all the time.'

"Of course I was lying, but every nurse knows there is a crisis in which she must act quick to help the return of the reason.

—Is it possible, dear?' said she, and she laid back on the pillow and did the old trick of giving the shake to the head so that her baby face was buried in the great nest of golden ringlets. Her eyes were closed and on her face was an angelic smile such as I never saw before, so full of joy and content was it. She talked to herself in signs for a time and by and by her arms fell apart like I have seen the deaf preacher hold out his hands to your deaf people in the church when he asks you to rise to the Lord's prayer. Just then the Doctor came in. 'She is an angel,' he said, 'she is an angel.' His tears were falling. The girl made a few more feeble movements with her fingers and sighed as of content; she moved the fingers yet once more and sighed; then there was no motion. Her fingers had spelt their last message, and lo! her ears were unclosed, and the sweet girl who knew neither guile nor hatred, had taken her place in the heavenly host."

* * * * *

Prominent Deaf Persons of Rochester, New York.



EVELYN PORTER WOOD.

Evelyn Porter Wood is a name to be conjectured with in deaf-mute annals of the Empire State. Born at Olisco N. Y., he lost his hearing at ten years of age, graduated from the Fanwood school and married Miss Rose M. McMenomy, also a Fanwoodite, on October 9, 1872, and their union has been blessed by five children, three of whom are living.

C. N. S.

The *Belfast News Letter* says:—"A remarkable correspondence has appeared in a London paper on the advisability, or not, of a motor car driver who is stone deaf being licensed to drive. It is generally known amongst motorists that Mr. A. J. Wilson, a pioneer of the pastime and in early days well known in England and Ireland on the cycle race path, is afflicted with deafness. His defense shows him to be quite aware of his infirmity, and he has taken every precaution to put himself on a level with those who hear, by fitting up mirrors which reflect the rear traffic and often enables him to see the oncoming traffic before it is heard. Mr. Wilson, who is known by his intimates as 'Faed,' which is deaf reserved, also claims that when in traffic he is not disturbed by the surrounding clamour. Altogether, Mr. Wilson makes out a good case, and shows that from him at any rate other motorists need have no fear."—*The British Deaf Times*.

St. Louis

REPORTS from Paris indicate that Mr. Roy Culver Carpenter is making excellent progress at the Julian Art Academy, and in his own studio. He expects to go to Rome in the near future for a stay of some months in order to avail himself of what the Eternal City has to offer an art student. Mr. Carpenter achieved considerable distinction as a sculptor before going abroad and since then has been enriching his experience at the chief centers of European art.

The late John M. Stout, whom many will best remember as the champion trick star-bicycle rider of twenty years ago, had artistic ability of a high order, and, while a student at the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville, devoted a good deal of his spare time to clay modeling. His work in that line elicited so much favorable comment that he resolved to execute a masterpiece and selected the then superintendent, Dr. P. G. Gillett, as his model—all unknown to the doctor. Young Stout worked away in secret in a retired part of the institution and in course of time a bust of the superintendent assumed definite proportions. One day Dr. Gillett surprised Mr. Stout as he was at work on the figure, and, with a feigned look of astonishment and anger, demanded to know if the artist had been secretly creating another Dr. Gillett with the intention of breathing life into him, as God breathed life into Adam, and making him superintendent. Young Stout was so taken aback by the unexpected and premature visit of his model that he did not at once detect either the humor or the implied compliment in the doctor's remarks and met the accusation with vigorous denials.

The following is an extract taken from the announcement of Mr. W. C. Ritter, Chairman of the local Committee of the N. A. D.:

The National Association of the Deaf will meet in Norfolk, Va., July 5th to 7th, inclusive.

In honor of the occasion, the Jamestown Exposition Company has set apart and officially designated Thursday, July 5th, as "NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF DAY."

This is a most unusual honor to be paid to the deaf people of America, none of the other great expositions having, as far as known, ever officially recognized the presence of a body of the deaf in the exposition city.

This is indeed an "unusual honor," but it is not altogether without precedent as the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis had two days set aside for the deaf of America—"Gallaudet Day" in August and "Helen Keller Day" in October. In the special events booklet issued by the Exposition both the National Association and International Congress of the deaf were announced to meet on Gallaudet Day.

Speaking of "Gallaudet Day" reminds me of the visit which the members of the International Congress of the deaf paid to the French National Pavilion as a tribute to the memory of Abbe de l'Epee. The program for convention week made it advisable for us to time the visit to the French pavilion on a Wednesday—a day on which it was always closed to visitors. M. Jean Guillemin, delegate of the French ministry of foreign affairs, called at my residence to express the regrets of the French commissioner general and to explain why the request of the local

committee could not be granted. In turn I spoke of the disappointment which the members of the Congress would certainly feel at being denied the desired opportunity to show respect for the memory of the distinguished Frenchman and founder of deaf-mute instruction and referred to the manner in which the United States had co-operated in the celebration of the De l'Epee centennial in Paris in 1889. M. Guillemin said that his country felt highly honored by our request but as it was unusual, and the precedent likely to prove embarrassing, he did not see how it could be granted—a fact which he regretted exceedingly. As he arose to leave I directed his attention to a large lithograph of the statue of Abbe de l'Epee at Versailles,—the "Statue et



MR. W. C. RITTER.

Chairman Local Committee coming N. A. D. Convention at Norfolk, Va.

Bas-Reliefs par Felix Martin S. M."—which I had brought home with me from the De l'Epee centennial International Congress at Paris, and proceeded to explain to him what the bas reliefs and the attitude of the statue intended to represent. The lithograph seemed to interest M. Guillemin greatly and before leaving he assured me that he would use his influence with the French commissioner general and, if possible, obtain the desired concession. A letter granting our request was received a few days later from which I make the following extract:

"Should this visit be mentioned in your programme it would be fitting to state that the object is to pay a tribute to the memory of Abbe de l'Epee, so that everyone may know under what circumstances the French National Pavilion has been opened specially for the use of a party of visitors, this being, as I had the honor to explain to you last Sunday [May 29], an exceptional favor which the commissioners' generals would probably not feel justified in extending to other associations which might apply in the future. Hoping the above will give you satisfaction I am, ever sir, Very truly, M. Guillemin."

The courtesy extended us at the French National Pavilion proved an effective lever for obtaining a like courtesy at the German building for the evening of the same day as a tribute to the memory of Heinecke. Had it not been for the eloquent and effective appeal of that silent lithograph hanging on my study wall two important concessions for con-



ROY CULVER CARPENTER

At work in his Paris studio on a bust, from life, of Valentin de Zubiaurre, the deaf Spanish painter.

vention week would not have been obtained.

The whole case between the two methods, sign and oral, may be summed up by the simple question as to whether it is better to teach a child a language that can be understood by those among whom it must live, or teach it a foreign language. The latter is what is being done by all institutions that teach only the sign-language to deaf children.—Extract from Report of Committee.

The above clipping was probably intended as the *argumentum ad hominem* in the discussion of methods and probably would be if its premises were founded on fact. "Ay, there's the rub." Its fallacies are so obvious that it could be taken as a choice bit of humor, born of ignorance and fed on prejudice, but for the fact that it is apt to be taken seriously by parents with little deaf children to educate. A triennial fulmination against any single method falls on ears deafener than those of the children in our schools if the public in the meantime has been dosed with literature like the above sample

Miss Ivy Myers, president of our local Gallaudet Union, has been appointed a teacher at the Guthrie, Okla., School for the Deaf. This school is making great progress under the wise and efficient management of Supt. and Mrs. R. N. Dunham. Mrs. Dunham is the daughter of deaf parents and had a most successful career as a teacher of the deaf before going to Guthrie as principal under the preceding superintendent.

Miss Irene Burow, a graduate of Gallaudet School, and for the past two years a student at Gallaudet College, is teaching at Gallaudet School in place of Miss Lula E. Carpenter who was obliged to relinquish her school room duties on account of illness.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of President Tyler, who was once mistress of the White House, is living quietly at the home for the aged in Washington. She was most popular in her young days, and it is sad to think to what old age may bring a woman.

The above clipping from a local daily is respectfully referred to the thoughtful consideration of those who think there is no need for a home for the aged. Under the auspices of the Missouri Home Fund Committee, Mr. A. O. Steidmann recently gave an excellent reading of Dumas' interesting story of "The Black Tulip." Another reading by Mr. Steidmann is announced for April 12.

A suggestion for the main entrance of a pure oral school with due apology to Dante:

All signs abandon ye who enter here.

JAS. H. CLOUD.

Chicago

THE first page of the March SILENT WORKER contained some good news to those of the deaf who are anxious to affiliate with some strong "hearing" fraternity—that is, if the hopes held out in the article can be made to extend to the deaf in other states than Maryland. The success of Mr. Wyand in his admission to the Knights of Pythias is but a repetition of that of Washington Barrow of Chicago, whose admission to the order here in Chicago I noted in one of my letters some months ago. Mr. Barrow has taken successively the three "degrees" of the order and is a member of the "endowment rank"—the insurance branch of the order. Since Mr. Barrow's admission the joining of no others among the deaf of this city has been noted and the question arises as to whether they are so anxious to follow over the "let down bars" as would be supposed.

Of course there are great things to be expected and gained from such a concession on the part of our more prosperous neighbor who, so to speak, has given us the freedom of his yard, a yard we have been viewing with envy these many years from our perch on the other side of the fence, and have been wishing, so much, to be able to climb over and slide down that cellar door which seems to be so much better than our own.

But at the same time our own yard and our own cellar door, if we only knew it, are capable of, with some good, united effort and hard work, putting on a just as fine and attractive appearance as the one next door. The deaf can organize and support their own fraternal beneficiary order as is shown by the Fraternal Society of the Deaf whose headquarters are here in Chicago; they can, in time in giving such an organization their support by joining it and so causing it to grow, gain as large benefits as they expect in any of the others which do not seem so very anxious to have them join.

One thing I have noticed is that few of the deaf who try to gain admittance to these fraternities of the hearing have tried to cast their lot with the builders thereof. No one of us can point to our being "charter members" of any of these organizations; several have been and have seen their hopes wound up in various ways. Following his line of argument, if we are not wanted, why do we go where we are wanted, and in this case we are wanted for our own sakes as well as that of those already in the ranks.

The argument has been put forward that in joining organizations of the hearing we are advancing the cause of the deaf and putting ourselves more in touch with the hearing world, giving that "world" a better idea of ours, gaining for ourselves larger and surer benefits thereby. Pessimistic though my view of it may be, I cannot see wherein the deaf at large are benefitted by the affiliation of a few with such orders—it is more of a personal gain, in the end, than anything else; pecuniarily, at your death your beneficiary will profit, socially, mentally and otherwise, we are told, we will benefit by such connection—the few who succeed in holding up their end—but outside of that the deaf as a class will be just as they are, and have been these many years.

On the other hand, taking the Fraternal Society of the Deaf as a foundation, if the men who are not members of the society and who are to day leaders among our class get

together, join, aid, induce others to join and put all their energies into the upbuilding of such an order, would any deaf man in the years to come have cause to hanker for something better than he gets right at home? This Society has proven it can be done and is doing it right along, giving its members increased "protection" and benefits as it goes along—slowly, it is true, do the "increases" come, but simply because the necessary support is not yet given it. With its slow but sure growth, from a mere handful to the half-thousand it now nearly touches, volumes are spoken for the abiding faith its members have in its mission; and when those who are on the fence waiting for the bars to come down across the way wake up to the fact their own yard possesses, with the proper care, the same advantages held out by the other fellow's and come down and take off their coat and help make it so, just as soon will the deaf cease to care whether the bars are up or not—and it is a safe proposition to offer to wager that they would not notice the "Carrie Nationizing" of every bar in the country.

The deaf members of first class beneficiary (fraternal) orders of the hearing are few and far between, we hear now and then of one joining such and such an order and of the establishing of a subordinate lodge of the deaf in some local organization and our papers are busy with the "news" for a while, and then it is forgotten. Would this be the case with the Fraternal Society of the Deaf if it issued insurance to its members in the thousands? Yet this is what it can do with the requisite support—the support it deserves and should get, as I have said before, from every self respecting deaf man who appreciates push and perseverance. It is a society that appeals to the deaf alone, asking only their support and affiliation therewith and giving in return all it possibly can in the way of pecuniary benefits and the unmeasured benefits of a fraternal order which has its members bound by a tie that is the strongest on this earth—that of "the fellow feeling that makes one so wondrous kind."

Illinois has lost her "Second Helen Keller." The press dispatches contain the following which will be read with sadness by all who had seen the little girl and noted her wonderful progress:

Emma Kubicek, 11 years old, the deaf, dumb, and blind child, who has been the marvel among educators for the blind and deaf for several years, died at the Illinois School for the Blind at 9 o'clock tonight. Her death was due to an acute attack of pneumonia.

The child was taken ill on Saturday with what appeared to be a slight cold. A fever was noticed and the institution physician was called. On Sunday she seemed to be suffering great pain, but the caretakers were unable to ascertain its nature. On Monday her suffering continued and the left lung

was found to be involved.

Mrs. Helen Jordan, under whose care she had been under for five years, since coming to the institution hardly left her bedside during her illness and teachers, pupils, and the faculty of the institution are heartbroken over the child's death.

The work the Kubicek child has been able to do and the progress she has made has been wonderful and largely due to the efforts of her teacher. She gave a special exhibition for the members of the legislature last Friday night and her work excited great admiration. She was able to use the Braille machine, invented by Prof. Frank Hall for the blind, and also could use to a limited degree, an ordinary typewriter. The state appropriated \$300 for her special education during the summer months. She was taken to the national convention for teachers of the deaf at Asheville, N. C., and also went to the Louisiana exposition, where Helen Keller conversed with her.

She was the daughter of Mrs. Antoinette Kubicek, of Edwardsville Ill., and had four sisters and two brothers.

Chicago has lately had the pleasure—the deaf contingent of course—of listening to two masterly readings of the Rev. Mr. Cloud's. Mr. Cloud's visits are not as many and often as they used to be and in this case his rendition of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Pas-a-Pas club rooms February 21st and on the following Sunday evening "Some Famous Hymns—Their Origin and Romance" at the chapel of the M. E. church under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society were the occasion of some extra pleasurable enjoyment to the lovers of discourse. In the latter he spoke "to the letter of his subject" and those who were present gained quite a little knowledge thereof.

Miss Caroline Taft, of Jacksonville, has in charge the arrangements for a sale of various articles, ornamental and useful, to be held at the school some time in April, the proceeds from which are to go to the Illinois Home Fund. Miss Taft's address is 1061 Grove street, Jacksonville, Ill., and any one desiring to contribute articles for the sale is assured they will be welcomed.

The season for the "light fantastic" is over and the local deaf have wound up their balls for the season. The last one, March 2, that of the "Frats," was a record breaker and quite a surprise to those who were saying balls are played out. Chicago Division gains thereby quite a nice little sum and it is to be devoted to the expenses of the delegation the division will send to the convention at Cincinnati the week of July 8th. Arrangements are being made for a special car for the party going from here and from present indications the car will be as well filled, as Cincinnati Division is promising great things to those who attend—to say nothing of the convention itself.

F. P. GIBSON.

RESIDENCE OF PROF. E. H. MCILVAINE, OLATHE, KANSAS. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE HOUSE AS THE CARPENTERS WERE FINISHING IT LAST FALL. PROF. MCILVAINE, A DEAF-MUTE, IS A TEACHER IN THE KANSAS STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Photo by Sol H. Lantz.



Pennsylvania.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 30th of January, at the ripe age of 83 years removed one who was known and loved by the older deaf-mutes of Philadelphia. For several years back in the later sixties and earlier seventies he was in charge of the Deaf-Mute Mission in Philadelphia.

At a meeting of the members of the All Souls' Church and the Clerc Literary Association, a branch of the Guild of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, held on Thursday evening, Feb. 21st, 1907, the following Minute, commemorative of this saintly man of God was adopted and ordered placed on record in the Minute Books of the Church and the Clerc Literary Association, and copies of the same furnished to the papers for the deaf and to the family of the deceased:

The Reverend Francis J. Clerc, D.D., having departed this life on the 30th of January, 1907, we deem it proper to make suitable mention in our Records of our estimate of his consistent Christian life and of the great value of his services here in Philadelphia during the early days of the Deaf-Mute Mission which latterly developed into All Souls' Church for the Deaf.

From September 1, 1866, till June 1, 1868, while Rector of Calvary Church, Philadelphia, and thereafter, while Warden of Burd Orphan Asylum until March 19, 1872, when he was called to Burlington College, N. J., he conducted a service for the deaf every Sunday afternoon, at first at Calvary Church, and latterly at St. Stephen's Church. During these years he endeared himself to all to whom he ministered, by his devoting and painstaking energy in ministering to all who needed his service. Dr. Clerc continued after this to give a quarterly service until the late Rev. Henry W. Syle, then a layman, took charge of the mission in 1875. Even after this, Dr. Clerc maintained his old interest through occasional visits or by correspondence. The memory of his saintly life is a precious legacy to the older deaf-mutes of Philadelphia, while to the younger generation of deaf-mutes, the life and example of such a man is often pointed out as one worthy of emulation. Doubtless we may rank our beloved departed friend, among those of whom it is said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

I have been interested in reading the various opinions expressed by the divers persons in the papers for the deaf anent the employment of deaf teachers of the deaf. All open-minded persons who have an intimate acquaintance with the subject of deaf-mute education readily admit the great value of these teachers, and many of the principals themselves would, I think, employ a greater number of them if they were not hampered by the prejudice of the parents of the pupils, and the greater prejudice and officious interference of members of the Boards of Directors who pride themselves on their knowledge (?) in regard to the whole subject of education of the Deaf. I think that on the whole this later interference is the greatest difficulty. But what seems to me to be the most shameful is the cold hearted way in which many of these deaf teachers who have given the best part of their lives to the profession, are at one fell swoop cut loose into a cold merciless world. As is known, one who has given his life thus is greatly handicapped in his efforts to secure another

occupation at all commensurate with his attainments. He is, in a word, unfitted by his long training in his one profession to readily take up something else for a livelihood. Some few here and there may command influence to get them into a place congenial to them. But from what I have seen of many of these former teachers, the most of them are compelled to accept the most menial of employments, in order "to keep the wolf from the door."

Mrs. Mary Donohue, the mother of seven children, of whom five are deaf, died on Wednesday, February 6th last, from *pleuro-pneumonia*. For some time she has not been in the best of health, and it is thought that in her weakened condition she was unable to make a stand against the disease. Her funeral took place on Monday morning, February 11th, from St. Edward's Church, and burial was at the New Cathedral Cemetery.

On the Sunday previous to her funeral a large number of the deaf called at the home on Seventh and Diamond streets to view the remains.

On the evening of Saturday, February 9th, a largely attended reception to Father Whalen was held in Odd Fellow's Hall, corner of Mt. Airy and Germantown avenues, Mt. Airy. The reception was in charge of Miss Julia A. Foley. Mr. Wm. Weaver made a happy little speech expressing the pleasure of all in having the Reverend Father with them on the occasion, and as a slight token of their regard and esteem they therefore presented him with a little package, which on opening was found to contain a purse of \$25. At the meeting it was decided to form an association to be known as the Father Whalen Association.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancements of the Deaf at the residence of Mr. George T. Sanders, in Mt. Airy, on the evening of Saturday, February 2nd, it was finally decided to have the next meeting of the Pennsylvania Society at the Mt. Airy Institution on these dates—August 29, 30, 31, and September 1, 2, inclusive. It is understood that the same arrangements as to the care of members, their entertainment at the Institution, etc., will be made as had been planned for a year ago.

It was also voted at the meeting to transfer to the Board of Trustees \$100. to be applied to the mortgage on the Home. This leaves the Home with a mortgage of only \$400. May we not hope that when the Society meets in Convention next summer it will be in a position not only to pay off the mortgage, but also to have a big gathering to witness the burning of the mortgage.

It was also decided to resurrect "The Pennsylvania Society News." Mr. R. M. Ziegler is to edit it. Two trial issues will be published, and if found expedient, its publication may be continued indefinitely. An Easter appeal for the Home is also to be made as in years past, as it has been found that the response has been generous.

All Souls' Church had two interesting visitors from Great Britain in the persons of Mr. W. H. Addison, Principal of the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Mr. Frank G. Barnes, Headmaster of the Homerton School for the Deaf, London. They were accompanied by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter of the Mt. Airy School, whose guests they were during their stay in Philadelphia. They are in this country at the expense of a philanthropic English gentleman, who has been

sending many other educators to this and other countries to study the methods of instruction. The two gentlemen who visited All Souls' had wisely decided to study not only the methods of education as carried on in the American Schools, but also to view at close range, as it might be said, of the deaf out of school. And so, perhaps, they could not have done better than by attending a service such as is carried on every Sunday at our church. Unfortunately, however, their stay at the church was much hurried, so that no chance was given for them to meet our people personally, many of whom were formerly residents of Great Britain and had eagerly looked forward to personal talks with the gentlemen. One of our men, Mr. Levi Cooper, who came over from the old country in boyhood, recognized in Mr. Barnes an old friend, and on introduction, the recognition was mutual, and most pleasing. After attending the service in the church the party attended the meeting of the large Bible Class, and made addresses. Mr. Barnes, who did not feel equal to the task of addressing the class in our vernacular, delivered a short address through Dr. Crouter.

Mr. Addison, however, had learned the single handed alphabet, and with a few signs to boot was able to make a very charming address, which was much appreciated by all. The attendance was very large there being over a hundred present.

The ladies of All Souls' Church expect to have a Bazar sometime after Easter, the exact date not yet having been decided on. The proceeds are to go to the Home at Doylestown. It is understood that there are some very pressing improvements needed for the comfort of the inmates, so this Bazar is to be gotten up in order to raise the necessary funds. We are looking forward to very general interest in the undertaking.

An interesting reading from the Arabian Night's Entertainment was delivered before the Clerc Literary Association on the evening of February 7th by Miss Grace M. Koehler, of the Trenton School. She chose the story of "The travels of Sinbad, the Sailor." Miss Koehler has developed into quite a platform talker, for she seemed to be perfectly at home on the platform, and moreover her sign delivery is very clear and natural.

Miss Dora Koehler, her sister, has been visiting at Mrs. Syle's in Germantown for the past two weeks, and last Sunday her old friends were glad to see her at All Souls'.

Mr. W. H. Lipsett has been on the sick list during the past six weeks. He is his old self once more, except that he has lost considerable flesh, so much so that his wife is talking about taking in the seams of his clothes. He went back to work last week, and in a week or two we may find that she will have to let the seams out again.

A pleasant little birthday party was held at the home of Mr. James Reider, on the evening of the 22nd of January. It was something of a surprise, for Mr. Reider was in complete ignorance of the arrangements. The party was engineered by Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Fortescue. A pleasant time passed off, and at a late hour all repaired home wishing Mr. R. many more happy birthdays.

Mr. Gabriel Franck was baptized at All Souls' on the 10th of February. The sponsors were Mr. Chas. Sharrar and Mrs. E. E. Roop.

C. D.

Silent Worker

Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

VOL. XIX. APRIL, 1907. No. 7

JOHN P. WALKER, M.A., Editor.

GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY from October to July inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50 cents a year, invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, 70 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES made known on application. The high literary character of the paper and its general appearance make it a valuable advertising medium. It reaches all parts of the United States and goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Not all of Fishing to Fish

To BE sure our boys went down to defeat at Hightstown on Saturday, but they have little to regret. They met one of the finest amateur teams in the state, made a plucky fight, and went down with flying colors.

After all, the game was but one little feature of the occasion. The cordial reception given by the Peddie boys and girls, the generous attention that was ours every minute of our stay, and the splendid hospitality extended, alone remain in our memories. The sting of defeat is all gone.

As Workmen

THERE is a world of wisdom in Elbert Hubbard's aphorism that "the first requisite in education should be to the end that the individual shall earn his own living." It has been a first requisite in every well organized school for the deaf in our country, and the result is apparent everywhere.

The New York Times, in a recent issue, has the following:

"Isaac Goldberg, who runs a large establishment at 171 East Broadway, has discovered that the deaf and dumb are better workmen than the men in possession of all their faculties.

About seven years ago he needed a man, and out of charity and with many misgivings he employed a deaf-mute boy. The lad filled the place so satisfactorily that a month later, when there was another vacancy, another deaf-mute was employed. Since then the same policy has been continued, so at the present time over half of the employes are deaf-mutes.

Of the deaf men working for him Mr. Goldberg says:

"I will be very glad if The Times will print something about the satisfaction these mutes have given me as employes. It will help an unfortunate and much neglected class of people.

"Most employers have the same opinion that I used to have—that mutes would be almost impossible as workmen. As the result of

seven years' experience I now prefer mutes to other workmen.

"They are more faithful, and, when once they catch your idea, more intelligent than the normal workman. Their only dissipation seems to be basket ball and other athletic games. I pay them higher wages than I do my other men who are doing the same kind of work."

Warm words of commendation indeed. May our boys ever deserve them.

In Re Barrows

PROGRESS in all matters relating to the education of the deaf, while not so rapid as we might have wished, has been sure, and the dawn of the twentieth century brings to us the faith to believe that the problem is largely solved. Prophets have occasionally risen who have promised great things but these have one and all disappointed hope, and we have been left to fall back upon a combination of all the good thoughts of the best thinkers upon the subject and to find our solution of the problem of their enlightenment where has been found the solution of so many of the problems of life, in unceasing labor.

There is, however, again hope, and our eyes are again turned to the east for a panacea for deafness and all the inconvenience and lack of erudition that follows in its train. Mr. Charles M. Barrows is the apostle of the new thought and his theory is that the deaf may be taught to hear. Mr. Barrows acknowledges that ordinary schools for the deaf perform a worthy service, but deprecates the fact that those who enter these schools, deaf children, must be taught as deaf children and leave their schools still deaf. By his method of instruction the deaf hear before anything else. The change is not a "quick leap out of deafness into perfect hearing, as many people imagine, for such lightning effects in bodily organism are not in accord with nature," but, "they soon become hearing beings and are able when the course is finished to pursue their studies in other schools on an equal footing with more fortunate mates whose hearing was never impaired. The transforming process is a gentle becoming one, like the advent of the seasons and the putting forth of leaves. No manipulation or medication of the ears is resorted to, no electrical or other appliances are used."

Mr. Barrows cites numerous incidents where hearing came, the first twenty-five restorations varying from two to thirty-five days. One of Mr. Barrows' most interesting cases was Lura. Of her he says:—

"Lura was my pupil during one short school year, and her case presented more baffling and discouraging features than any other I ever taught. A physician to whom I explained her condition said, "as a rule, all deaf-mute cases are hopeless, but this one would seem to be the most hopeless of the hopeless." It was not because Lura was deaf and dumb that her case was so unpromising,—a majority of my pupils have been deaf-mutes; but, compared with a bright pupil of equal age who began the course with her, Lura's mental capacity was poor indeed."

Lura heard a few mechanical and vocal sounds at the end of the first week and in two weeks heard spoken words and could tell one from another. In three weeks her hearing had become normal.

Strangely enough Mr. Barrows finds lip-reading the most serious obstacle to overcome. "The lip-reading habit," he says, "once formed is very strong and completely masters the pupil, leaving him no chance to use his ears, if ever so disposed. Pupils who are able to practice this substitute find it so much easier to see what a speaker means than to listen to what is said that they will not hear if left free to use their eyes." Upon methods, Mr. Barrows is not so full as we would wish. He takes us into his confidence thus far, however, that his work is largely psychical. On the whole, the elaborate pamphlet upon the subject is not nearly so clear as we would wish, and we rise from its perusal with a feeling that some sort of a commission will be necessary to determine the exact status of the learned gentlemen from Boston in the educational world. The submission of a hypothetical question, based upon it, to our experts, elicits the opinion that it is neither "brainstorm," nor "exaggerated ego" but a plain every day, ordinary case of "itching palm." The alienists on the other side, however, are yet to be heard from.

Where a Compulsory Act is Needed

THERE appears to be great difficulty in the farming districts of the West in getting together the deaf children of school age and in keeping them together for the school year. The requirements of the farm and the blandishments of the out-of-door life are quite too much for the little ones. Sometimes there is moderate success at corralling them in the fall, but with the first note of the blue-bird comes a letter from home telling how much they are needed and "die wanderlust" does the rest.

Happily for us, here in the East, there is a less demand for our children on the farm, and a better appreciation of the advantages of an education, and our children come to us with moderate promptitude, and remain with us until the close of the session.

May be It

THE Shoe Stitcher recently installed in the Little Rock School for the Deaf, a cut of which is found in a recent number of the Optic, "looks good." The Goodyear machine, heretofore the best on the market, and which has largely superseded all others, is scarce available in schools such as ours, on account of the large royalty required. Perhaps the New Champion is the very one that schools have been looking for, and it may fill to a nicety the long felt want.

If Mrs. Martha Walker, of the Wisconsin School is as optimistic in her household affairs as her recent article in the Times would indicate, and can perform the multitudinous duties of her matronship as well as she can think and write she will do.

School and City

Our wagon is of a world of use.

Showers of postal-cards now mark almost every child's birthday.

Quite a few new dresses and spring hats are awaiting Easter Sunday.

The number of Easter visitors and boxes promises to be larger than ever.

Hilbur Colberg has quite recovered from her cough and is once more at her studies.

Nothing is too much for George Bedford to do when it comes to helping on the paper.

The Hayes and Woodward maples and the Seymour beech, are already bursting into life.

To get out on the lawns again is a great boon to all, after the "long and dreary winter".

Marie Sieben is getting so big and dignified that her Mamma will hardly know her in June.

There are few absentees from Chapel, on Tuesday morning, when current news is discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. Eggert stopped en route for the farm on the 21st, and everybody was glad to see them.

The lawns have been carefully raked and already the grass is putting on a beautiful coat of green.

Perhaps Wainwright Pearsall and Mr. Walker did not enjoy the box they got from Mr. Pearsall last week.

Arrangements are being made for our trip to Philadelphia and we are looking forward anxiously to the day.

The season of "pussy" is here and as it is a simple toy and easily made many of the boys are possessors of it.

The first base-ball of the season was tossed out upon the ball-ground last week, and practice has begun in earnest.

Easter has somehow come to be associated with the idea of a box of "goodies" in the minds of most of our little ones.

The four little hearing boys who went swimming in the canal before the ice had gone were rather forcing the season.

The whooping cough and mumps have been quite fashionable during the past month, but both are fast disappearing.

Chapped hands which had been rather more common and more severe than usual during the winter are fast passing away.

Sadie Penrose went home with the whooping cough on the 25th to remain with her mother until she has quite recovered.

Eliza Smith who used to be so afraid of shows and pageants is now, if anything, more interested in them than any of her school-mates.

Arthur T. Greene was run over by the lawn roller, the other afternoon, but was able to report for supper little the worse for wear.

A heavy snow storm and a severe thunder-storm all in the same day is something phenomenal, but that is just what we had on the 19th.

Another beautiful moving picture exhibit has been ours during the month just gone, and there could be no greater treat for our children, little and big.

It would scarce be an exaggeration to say that Maude Thompson and Teatsche Elzinga are growing at the rate of an inch a month this fine weather.

The day at Hightstown was a red-letter one. The spirit of Lawrenceville and Nassau unite at Peddie, and there was never a finer lot of boys and girls.

A pair of roller-skates with steel rollers, a new dress and twenty-eight postal cards were among the good things that came to Hattie Alexander on her birthday.

Vallie Gunn is ambitious to write as well as Esther Clayton, and she is coming nearer the mark every day. Esther is one of the best pen-man in the school.

Thomas Titus Brown had the pleasure of a visit from his Mamma last Monday. Mrs. Brown reports business good during the Lenten season over by the sad sea waves.

Miss Bilbee has promised a trip to Pennington to some of her best sewers, when the first warm days come. She may rest assured that she will not be allowed to forget it.

Our boys and girls all seem to vie with each other as to which can look the nicest when they are invited out, and they certainly present a most creditable appearance wherever they go.

In a recent journal, Milton Wymbs conveys to us the interesting news that he has a big dog named Tom at home, that his father has a new horse, and that his grandfather was born a long time ago.

Samuel Eber says that he is not going to waste his time while at home next summer, but that he is going to work in the Central Market and earn some money. We are glad to see Samuel so ambitious.

The first robin of the season dropped on our lawn, on the morning of the 15th. It has since been followed by a half dozen others, and all are as tame as chickens. We wonder if they are some of our friends of last year.

No one has yet seen the pictures that Carl Droste had taken the other day. Several of us thought we would get one but thus far have been disappointed. We how think he has tucked them away to distribute at home.

James Dunning has bought with his savings a pair of two-pound dumb-bells, so that he may have a pair of his very own. He exercises with them daily and already begins to show their effect in new strength and vitality.

Mrs. Baker, a friend of Miss Dellicker's gave Louisa Duer three beautiful daffodils on the 21st in recognition of a nice little letter that Louisa had written her a few days before. To say that Louisa was pleased would scarce express it.

Speaking of robins, reminds us of the one that has been an annual visitor at the Virginia school for some time, which has a perfectly white head. This is indeed a *rara avis*, and one that would be a genuine curiosity in this part of the country.

Hans Hansen saw a robin on the lawn the other morning, that seemed dejected and hungry. He hurried into the house and got a piece of bread for it, but it would not come and get it, so he threw it to him. Mr. Robin must have misunderstood his good intention, though, for instead of eating it, he flew rapidly away.

Andrew McClay is convalescing from about the worst case of tooth-ache that any boy ever had. His jaw was so swollen that he looked like a pelican for a few days. He is all right, now, however, and says that the pleasure of getting well more than repays him for the suffering he had to endure.

Our birds are under the especial care of Willie Henry. He says he considers it a part of his duties as monitor to see that they are kindly treated and that he will arrest the first boy or girl that tries to hurt one and take them to the office. In his opinion, no child that would kill a bird should have any eggs at Easter.

Maude Thompson wrote such a nice journal on Friday that Mr. Walker thought her Mamma ought to see it; so he mailed it to her. Maude takes a great deal of pains with her letters home, and they are a great consolation to her Papa and Mamma while they have to be separated from her. Some of the pupils are not so thoughtful.

When there is anything especially attractive at the Tient, our friend Mr. Ciancy always remembers us. There was an especially fine entertainment there last week, including Buster Brown, a pantomime, and a fine set of Trentograph views, and we had our usual invitation. Needless to say that we went, and that we enjoyed it greatly. The afternoon was a fine one and the walk down and back was almost as enjoyable as the entertainment itself.

BEAUTIFUL (?) SPRING

Soon will come an introduction
To a season of distraction,
And of riot and of ruction

We shall have our fullest share
For the good wife now goes prying
In all corners and is spying
For hidden dust and dirt she's sighing,
As she yanks a towel around her hair.

Now she gleefully goes tripping
And from room to room goes skipping,
Hist! there is a sound of ripping
As the carpets leave the floor!
Lo! the furniture is jumbled
And the house completely tumbled
And "the old man" he is humbled
At the tumult and the roar.

See! with vigor she is scrubbing
And the carpets she is drubbing,
While for dirt and dust she's grubbing
And she never stops at all,
Lo! she daily grows more nervy
And her scrubbing brush more curvy
While the house is topsy-turvy
From the garret to the hall!

There's a mighty overhauling
And in wash tubs a vast sprawling
As poor "hubby" blindly crawling
Creep back home again each night,
Poor souls! their heads go bumping
While their shins they still keep thumping
As in darkness they go jumping
Thro' the wreckage minus light.

Yes, we now have introduction
To the season of destruction,
And we meet with grim obstruction
Here and there and everywhere,
Oh! the days are full of madness,
Full of gloom and dust and sadness
And man's heart is full of badness
As he longs to "up and swear."

G. M. DOWNEY.

LINES ON HELEN KELLER

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Behind her triple prison-bars shut in
She sits, the whitest soul on earth to-day;
No shadowing stain, no whispered hint of sin,
Into that sanctuary finds the way.
There enters only clear and proven truth
Apportioned for her use by loving hands.
And winnowed from all knowledge of all lands
To satisfy her ardent thirst of youth.

Like a strange alabaster mask her face,
Rayless and sightless, set in patience dumb,
Until like quick electric currents come
The signals of life into lonely place;
Then, like a lamp just lit, an inward-gleam
Flashes within the mask's opacity,
The features glow and dimple suddenly,
And fun and tenderness and sparkle seem
To irradiate the lines once dull and blind,

While the white slender fingers reach and cling
With quick imploring gestures, questioning
The mysteries and the meaning; to her mind.

The world is not the sordid world we know;
It is a happy and benignant spot
Where kindness reigns and jealousy is not,
And men move softly, dropping as they go
The golden fruit of knowledge for all to share
And Love is King and Heaven is very near,
And God to whom each separate soul is dear
Makes fatherly answer to each whispered prayer.
Ah, little stainless soul, shut in so close,
May never hint of doubt creep in to be
A shadow on the calm security
Which wraps thee, as its fragrance wraps a rose.
From "Last Verses" (Little, Brown & Co.).

With the Silent Workers

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

BEFORE long we ought to have some meaty details of the coming convention in connection with the Jamestown Exposition. From personal knowledge of a number of the local committee, who won their spurs in connection with the first Virginia Convention, in 1891, they can be depended on to deliver the goods in good style.

Those going from New York, have the benefit of the all water, Ocean route, one of the finest short distance sea trips in the world. The reunion of the Gallaudet Alumni will make Kendall Green look like one of the big colleges on Class Day, and will be worth seeing, even if one is not a "Gallaudeter."

It is hard to please some people. Now there is the kind and considerate editor of the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

You could not get this great man's approval. He likes to tear down rather than build up.

Now even his paper represents only his own views, they are not those of the ecclesiastics of the branch of the church his paper is supposed to represent.

Mr. Donnelly sneers at an honest article concerning the Reverend Father McCarthy that appeared in this column, and speaks of its "many inaccuracies" whereas the only inaccuracies are is that Father McCarthy does not celebrate Mass in Brooklyn or Jersey City.

Of course this is a mere detail. The paper also speaks in lofty disdainful manner of other articles which have appeared in this paper in praise of Mr. Donnelly's church work among the deaf, and Mr. Donnelly tries to make it appear that it is a result of a clubbing he gave this paper.

Of course such a thing is very far from the truth. This paper is absolutely neutral in all things affecting religious beliefs, and bias is never shown under any circumstances.

An idea of Mr. Donnelly's peculiar views may be had in his poking fun of a fellow church man, a leader and worker, who had the gathering at an Xavier club affair.

It takes "grit" and "spunk" for a deaf man to get up and make an oral address, and to try to belittle such an effort by calling it a "Lew Dockstader Speech," would draw from Mr. Donnelly his full power of invective and vituperation if it appeared in a non-Catholic publication.

It seems Mr. Donnelly's only consistency is in his inconsistency.

On Saturday evening, March 16th, the galleries of the Armory of the 71st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., were filled with an audience who had gathered to witness an exhibition of the marvellous proficiency in the school of the soldier of the Fanwood Cadet Corps of three companies and their own field music.

To the mere layman, their work in executing all the military movements, individually, by company and by battalion is on a par with the ordinary trained militiaman. The inspection by one of the Majors and several of the line and staff of the 71st was a most interesting spectacle; Major Van Tassell (a six-footer) had for his aide a two-and-a-half-footer, whose serious conception of his duties and his punctiliousness in carrying them out were revelations in themselves.

The Armory floor was given over to dancing at the conclusion of the drill and refreshments were served to the guests in Company I's room—this company being the hosts of the evening.

The mingling of the deaf cadets with the "Four Hundred" of the military and social world gives them breadth and refinement that was not dreamed of in olden days.

Then the children were annually exhibited in a church, and a collection taken up as a matter of charity.

Now a crops of cadets attend the military exhibitions and the hearing world marvels at their ability and proficiency.

It's all in accord with the modern trend. Formerly the plan was to make the deaf-mute win charity through pity; now he wins acclaim through accomplishment and charity nowhere figures at all.

There is high honor due to those who have brought this about, and no one could be more ready to testify to this than the hundred or more graduates of Fanwood who lined the galleries and joined in the demonstration as the cadet corps filed by the reviewing stand for the last time with its own band playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

PENCILLINGS

The man who always wants to borrow your pencil to write to you with, always has one or two in his pocket. He always borrows yours because he is too lazy to get his own out of his pocket.

He does this on every occasion when he talks to you.

Half the time he pockets *your* pencil when he is through. He does it so often you hope he never has occasion to talk to you again.

There are times when he thinks nothing of taking a pencil out of your hands when you are actually using. The Penal Code ought to make the punishment for such a crime sixty days.

Almost as bad is the man who insists you watch him as he writes each word, instead of writing out his statement and submitting it as a whole.

Persistence in perpetrating this nuisance ought to be visited with an indeterminate sentence.

NEW YORK.

With the end of the Lenten season comes a period of activity, and the announcements follow each other in rapid succession so that it is hard to keep track of all of them. The winter winds still blow, and it is snowing with full winter vigor, but that does not prevent the enterprising Brooklyn Guild from announcing a strawberry festival for the 29th of next May, on which occasion they will honor Dr. John Chamberlain with another celebration.

The Hollywood Club is going to entertain with a smoker and entertainment at the Grand Opera House Council Room and announce "First Class Fun." The Brooklyn Guild also intend to have a package party on the evening of April 18th.

The League of Elect Surds intend having a picnic or excursion, or outing of some kind this summer.

ALEX. L. PACH.

WILL TAKE IT AS LONG AS HE LIVES.

When your paper comes to me every month, I feel happy to read it all through. THE SILENT WORKER is real fine. I will take it as long as I live. I am a mute and am a printer.

DARLINGTON, S. C.

JAS. A. RHODES.

Tropics From Ontario, Canada

Miss Cecilia Ralph, of Lansdowne, was in Brockville a short time ago, visiting a sick nephew of hers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Harris, of Toronto, were favored with a pleasant visit from the former's mother, of Sincoc, a few weeks ago, who remained their guests for a few days.

Nelson Wood, of Hamilton, has left again on a business trip to Manitoba, and the Canadian Northwest and called on old acquaintances in Toronto, and Bradford on the way.

Jarvis H. Armstrong, who was in Toronto, all last fall, and then went to his old home in Jarvis, has been heard from at last, just at the time when many of his friends were wondering of his whereabouts. He has now hopped up at Revelstoke, in faraway British Columbia beyond the Rockies, where he lived before.

Mr. E. C. Pickard, of Toronto, was in Burlington and Hamilton, not long ago.

Miss Isabel Fraser, eldest daughter of Mr. Philip Fraser, and Miss Mabel Wheeler, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Wheeler, have secured very lucrative positions in the Temple Building, Toronto, the head-quarters of the Independent Order of Foresters of Canada and of which our old friend, ex-Supt. R. Mathison of the Belleville school, is Supreme Secretary. We congratulate those two young ladies on their latest attainments, for they are held in high favor among the deaf wherever they are known.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gottlieb, late of Hamilton, but now of Berlin, are the owners of one of the most beautiful residences in the latter city. It is heated by steam and lighted by electricity and will hereafter be the rendezvous of the regular monthly meetings of the Berlin Branch of the Ontario Bible and Prayer Union for the Deaf, of which Oliver Nahrang is president. The meetings were formerly held at New Hamburg.

Mr. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, now looks back over the long span of years he has lived in happiness and contentment and hardly realizes that it is just fifty years ago this spring when he first entered the Hartford, Connecticut, School for the Deaf, yet the dial of time verifies this as correct. Murray is still as hale and hearty as a man half his age.

Mr. Herbert W. Roberts, of Toronto, went out to Raglan in the evening of the 2nd ult. and next morning he, with a sleighload of the deaf of Raglan, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. James Ormiston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren and Herbert Cooledge, drove over to the home of Robert Allin, near Oshawa, where they had Sunday Services, returning again in the evening. The drive covered 28 miles in zero weather, yet they all thoroughly enjoyed it, especially the fun that happened on the homeward stretch. As they were driving along a very slippery part of the road, one of the horses accidentally fell and refused to get up. In an instant all were excited and Charles McLaren, forgetting that he was so tightly wrapped up in the robes, decided to get out, and as he did so he came down with a heavy thump on the ice so suddenly as to scare everybody and even the horses. Charles was not hurt at all although the impact of the fall broke a board on the side of the sleigh in twain.

The deaf of the city of Hamilton had a very delightful trip out to Burlington and back one evening lately and enjoyed the rally-ho immensely, as was evident by the high tense of their talk as they mentioned it afterwards.

Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Stephen R. Edwards, of Toronto, had a birthday party at his home, 8 Afton Ave., on March first, when nearly fifty of his young friends spent a most enjoyable evening playing every available game of indoor amusement in which the young folk heartily indulge. Such events as those are always thoroughly enjoyed and it is needless to say that on this occasion every one present felt very thankful to their young friend Stephen and his kind parents for their unspeakable kindness and before leaving for their various homes at a late hour all wished their young comrade many happy returns of the day.

Mr. James DeLong, of Oakville, is now attending the British Business College in Toronto and seems to like his work just fine. Push ahead, Jim, and perhaps some day you may become a bank president.

On March 4th and 5th, Mr. A. C. Shepherd, of the Toronto Post Office Department, was excused from duty in lieu of the Christmas overtime, so out he went the previous Saturday evening to visit old acquaintances in Hamilton and Brantford, where he had a jolly time, returning home the following Wednesday.

We were all pleased to see Mrs. R. M. Thomas and her nephew, James DeLong, of Oakville, at the Dorcas Society entertainment in Toronto on March 7th.

Mrs. R. R. Riddell, of Toronto, is home again

from a very pleasant sojourn of a week with her friend, Miss Nellie Cunningham, of Oakville.

Herbert Cooledge, of Oshawa, has been stopping with Mr. and Mrs. James Ormiston in Raglan helping Mr. Ormiston in the woods for over a month.

Mr. Nelson Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, of Toronto, has gone to Dallas, Texas, where he expects to live, having secured a very good position down south where de Darkies danse a lardee dah—

Mr. E. C. Pickard, of Toronto, spent Sunday, March 10th, with friends in Hamilton.

Miss Violet Gray, of Geleit, has removed with her parents to Toronto, and is a most welcome addition to the silent population of that city.

Miss Donella Beatty, of Melrose, who has been stopping with her aunt in Toronto for the past six months, has gone to visit her friend, Miss Flossie Gardiner at Mount Forest, but we expect her and Miss Gardiner back in Toronto for the Bible Conference at Easter.

The large open rink at Howland ave., Toronto, has frequently been the rendezvous of a large number of the deaf of that city who delight in skating, Canada's favorite pastime. They usually came in select parties whenever the ice was in good condition and after getting tired out would be hospitably welcomed to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore hard by, where cake and cocoa was always served and where they would amuse themselves in recollecting their bumps and boasts.

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Balis, of Belleville, that appeared in photographic form in your last issue, is considered a dandy residence by all here.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Eastern Canada

Mrs. J. J. Dunlap, of Truro, N. S., Second Vice-President of the M. D. M. A., enjoyed a short visit with her folks in Folly Village, N. S., two months ago.

Mr. Ambrose S. Kelly and family have moved from Windsor, N. S., to Truro, N. S., Mr. Kelly having secured a better position in the Marble works. The latter is a beautiful and smart looking town, where the coming Convention of the M. D. M. A. is to be held in September next.

Mr. George S. Mackenzie, of Moncton, N. B., was in receipt of a beautiful calendar for 1907, two months ago, from Messrs. W. H. Isnor & Sons, of Halifax, N. S., where they run business in hack and livery stables. The calendar is a handsome photograph of a wedding carriage with two white horses and driver in livery. This happened to be the same turnout used for his marriage, which took place on June 12th, 1901. He has been told he had a wedding carriage and he needs to have a baby carriage now. It is said that the above firm have the best wedding carriage in the Maritime provinces, if not in Canada.

Miss Minnie E. Knight, of Moncton, N. B., has been laid up with la grippe for several days, but is fully recovered now.

We were surprised to hear that Miss Sadie McClellan, of Lynn, Mass., was married to Mr. W. E. Shaw, the well known deaf-mute electrician of Boston, Mass., in December last. We wish her a happy married life full of sunshine. She was at the Halifax Convention of the M. D. M. A. last September and spent two or three weeks in the Garrison City, the guest of Mrs. Alfred Harvey.

Mr. William W. Dryden, of St. John, N. B., had his left hand very severely cut a few weeks ago, by having it caught in Fairville Pulp Mill at St. John, and was laid up for some time.

We regret to report that Miss Bessie Campbell, of Halifax, an aged deaf lady, had a serious accident two months ago. When she was returning home from her work, she slipped and fell, and, as soon as it was discovered that her hip was broken, she was removed to Victoria General Hospital, where it is said that she is doing pretty well in spite of her age.

Messrs. William Macdonald and Howard Breen, of St. John, N. B., have passed their final examinations in the Civil Service and are now full-fledged postal clerks, and thus two more St. John boys have shown their ability to keep up with the best. Congratulations.

Mr. Ernest W. Prince, of St. John, N. B., who has been attending the Effingham, Illinois, College of Photography for the past six months, returned to his home, a few weeks ago. He successfully passed his examinations and received a certificate for proficiency in the art of photography. After leaving the college, Mr. Prince visited St. Louis and witnessed the dismantling of the World's Fair. Needless to say Ernest is keeping his eyes on the folks at home with his interesting tales of the middle west.

February 8th was the birthday of a popular St. John lady in the person of Miss Eleanor M. Logan, who shyly admits having made off with more than twenty-six good old summers.

For the second time within a few months have

the deaf-mutes of St. John been called to mourn the loss of one of their number, in the person of Mr. Timothy Kelleher. Deceased was in the 52nd year of his age and for a long time he had been a sufferer from that dread disease, cancer, but he bore his affliction with the greatest fortitude, being of a kindly disposition. The late Mr. Kelleher will be greatly missed by his deaf friends. His funeral was held on Tuesday morning, February 19th. Requiem Mass was held at the church of the Assumption. Interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Wm. S. Sanford, of Weston, N. S. He died sitting in a chair on February 14th, and he was in the 83rd year of his age. He was educated at the School for the Deaf in Hartford, Conn., long before the Halifax School was started. The writer may write an account of his life later if he can recollect.

The writer sees in a Hillsboro, N. B. newspaper, under the date of January 30th, that a deaf girl by the name of Miss A. T. Smith, of Salem, N. B., who is visiting her married sister in Bradford, Mass., had a narrow escape from asphyxiation. Her groans were heard during the night and the room occupied by her was completely filled with gas from a gas pipe when discovered. This lady was at the first convention at Moncton, N. B., in September, 1905.

We are pleased to say that Mr. Leo T. Goucher, Secretary of the M. D. M. A. is much better, after being indisposed for several days through la grippe. Get well and ready for circulars regarding the coming convention.

Mr. Geo. S. Mackenzie has had a bad cold for about two weeks and he was almost obliged to use a bed sheet for his handkerchief, but he was at his duties as usual. He is all right now.

The president of the M. D. M. A. received some ten valentines last February. Poor George. He almost believes that some of them came from his old sweethearts.

Miss Eliza McG. Bower, of Shelburne, N. S., is in Yarmouth, N. S., taking lessons in china painting. She is a good artist in oil painting, the writer hears.

Mrs. T. D. Ruggles has returned to her home in Bridgetown, N. S. from Halifax where she had an operation at Victoria General Hospital. Before returning, Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles spent a few weeks in the city.

Mr. Harold S. Snowden, of Sackville, N. S., has been visiting in River Herbert, N. S., for some time.

MACK.

Special

That the public will quickly respond to something out of the ordinary run of theatrical offerings when that especial thing happens to be exceptionally good in encouragingly exemplified in the revival of the stock policy at Keith and Proctor's 5th Avenue Theatre. Starting with the big production of David Belasco's and John Luther Long's masterpiece of Old Japan; "The Darling of The Gods," this favorite amusement temple has again quite won the hearts of theatre goers and the subscription list is now quite won the hearts of theatre goers and the subscription list is now larger than that which prevailed at this house when the former stock company was in vogue a few seasons ago. Following "The Darling of The Gods," with the presentation of Mrs. Fise's greatest triumph "Leah Kleschna," the fact is thoroughly obvious that the management intends to direct every effort to secure all the recent noteworthy Broadway hits and offer them at the regular popular Fifth Avenue prices of twenty-five and fifty cents. It is also apparent judging from the flattering press comments that there will be no deviation in the way of making each and every production compare favorably with the original both from a scenic and artistic viewpoint. As to the company there is no gainsaying that it is as strong and evenly balanced as any in the country and eminently capable. Thus it is evident why the success of presenting a weekly change of bill with daily matinees at popular prices has been pronounced.

The transfer of the stock company from Keith and Proctor's 125th Street Theatre to the Harlem Opera House was a happy change. In the first place this theatre is thoroughly adapted to the stock style of entertainment and is very accessible. Then again all the old favorites of the company have been retained and already added new friends to their long list of admirers. The same rule in staging each and every play in a manner worthy of the original production is strictly observed while the prices are still kept at the customary popular figures of 15 and 25 cents matinees, and 15 to 75 cents, evenings. Constant rehearsals bring the performances up to a degree of excellence and perfection rarely obtained at any other stock theatres in the country.

Eastsiders who are quick to appreciate bargains in the amusement line have responded tremendous-

ly to the all-star vaudeville shows at the 125th Street theatre, the former home of the Harlem stock company. Seldom have they had the opportunity of witnessing the best in vaudeville at prices within reach of the thinnest pocket books. This house has a wide area in upper Manhattan and the Bronx to draw from and its prosperity is destined to permanently eclipse anything in the way of theatricals on the upper East side.

With the Fifth Avenue out of the vaudeville running, attention in a vaudeville way, is directed to the 23rd Street and Union Square houses. Those are the only two houses in the lower district of the city devoted to refined and edifying vaudeville. In arranging the program at both of these theatres every effort is made to secure the best features and headliners obtainable, no matter what the expense may be.

Lancaster Jottings

Mr. Lydia B. Kauffman had a most pleasant Post Card surprise in honor of her 31st birthday anniversary the last of the past month. She received some very handsome cards from friends and neighbors and was highly gratified.

Mr. Elmer Sommers and his bride will go to housekeeping in April in a house owned by Mr. Sommers' father.

Rev. F. C. Smileau was in East Lampton the first of the month, having come from Williamsport to see Miss G. M. Downey on a matter of private business. He also called to see Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Kauffman and Mr. and Mrs. D. Rohrer.

John K. Denlinger has purchased a fine driving horse, the property of his late brother who died several months ago.

Edith, the youngest child of Samuel F. Kauffman, had a narrow escape from being poisoned one day last week. She got possession of a bottle containing laudanum and before she was discovered drank some of it. Miss Downey, who chanced to be calling at the house, ran to the nearest telephone and sent for the doctor who soon had the little girl out of danger.

Miss Mary J. Purvis, who for the entire winter, was helping a sister of Mrs. T. M. Purvis, has returned to "Archdale Farm" to remain through the spring and summer.

A good many of the deaf hereabouts attended the large sale of the effects of John S. Lefever near Greenland and those who did so had lots of fun, as at no other place can one have so much real enjoyment as at a country sale.

Samuel F. Kauffman will take his wife and two children home to Snyder Co. to spend the Easter holidays. They will leave here on Good Friday and return on the 2nd or 3rd of April.

A friend in California has just sent "yours truly" a lovely "Lace Fern" that is a beauty. The leaves are so fine that they can hardly be seen singly.

Master Ralph Downey, who is employed in a large pretzle bakery at Nazareth, Pa., stopped off on his way to Philadelphia, one day lately, to see his aunt Gertrude.

Bertha, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman, is not at all well, and it is believed she has inherited kidney troubles.

Esther and Isreal, the little son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rohrer were the guests of Bertha and Edith Kauffman the other day and the little folks had a royal good time.

It is said that David Sonders, whose father died about a month ago, will go with his mother to live with a married sister. David is a bright boy, but his sight is failing and he is so nervous that he cannot do much alone.

G. M. DOWNEY.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS WIDD.

The Diocese is distinctly poorer today in the loss which it has sustained in the death of Mr. Thomas Widd, who for many years had been licensed lay-reader for the deaf-mutes of the city. He was a man of rare character and ability. I have no recollection of a more single-hearted, earnest Christian man than he. In every effort to help men he was foremost in his offers of assistance. He was most painstaking with his work and indefatigable in his efforts in behalf of those to whom he ministered. Fortunately I was able to be present at the funeral service, held in the Pro-Cathedral, and I have rarely been so affected by the office as I was on that occasion. It is a great comfort to know that these silent Christian people have found some who can, for the time, take the place of our departed friend in the performance of the office of public worship. I trust that we may arrange for a clergyman who can minister the sacraments to all of these devout people along the coast.—*The Bishop Quarterly*.

Subscribe for the SILENT WORKER.

Entertainment of The Dorcas Society of Toronto

The Dorcas Society of Toronto has sprang a new lease of life, and has added a new phase to its history and by turning this new phase into what will likely be an annual event, this society will surely spread its usefulness to greater importance. The object of this entertainment was to swell the fund towards carrying on its noble work of helping the poor and needy and encouraging the sick and heavy laden. The event was held at Afton Hall on March 7th, and was a great success, both in regard to the excellent programme and a crowded house, and as a result the treasurer was pleased to announce a further surplus of \$14.15 as the night's rake-off.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the entertainment began its activity under the direction of Mr. F. Bridgen with George W. Reeves as stage manager. Mr. Bridgen opened with prayer, and then the first act commenced. "Our Lady Provider" (Mrs. H. Ma-



MRS. HARRY MASON.

son) appeared on the scene in a philosophic attitude, carrying a large bundle of letters, which were messages of thanks and love from the poor and needy, in all parts of the world, voicing their immense gratitude for the great good this society had rendered them. Presently "Mrs. Sympathizer" (Miss Eva Zingg) stepped in and after greeting her visitor in womanly love, our "Lady Provider" went on to read the thousands of messages in which her visitor was deeply interested, and as the seemingly last message was read the curtain fell.

The second act was a sewing race between Miss Eva Zingg and Miss Mable Cratchley, in which the later won.

The third act was "Scenes at School," in which Messrs. Ignatius D. O'Neil, Fred W. Terrell and Arthur H. Jaffrey figured as the scholars with Mr. Philip Fraser as their teacher. The young chaps made a most favorable show in their comical costumes, and now and then would create much laughter by their awkward pranks, in which their teacher tried in vain to discipline them. Nate, dressed like a jolly little tramp, with straw hat and dusky pantaloons; Fred in his every-day attire, with lunch strapped over his back, and Archie, with his two foot-long shoes and grumbling looks as he was compelled to wear the dunce's peaker formed a most picturesque trio of rascals and gave their teacher no end of trouble.

The fourth act presented a shocking and heart-rending scene of pity and of poverty that would easily appeal to the sympathy of the greatest philanthropist, a scene that changed the whole audience from laughter a moment ago to silence and tears. Mrs. Charles Pettiford, as the sick man's wife, sat in a chair moping over her troubles and almost on the verge of collapse, told of her husband's dying condition, and of her friendless surroundings and of the wolf at the door; and as an evidence of further horror her pretty little daughter, (Miss Gladys Mather) sat by her side resting her tired form on her mother's lap. Her looks bespoke loneliness and ill suffering, but a gleam of sunshine and hope quickly brightened their countenances by the timely arrival of our Lady Provider with the necessary articles to cheer them up.

The fifth scene of the Dentist and his patient came next. Mr. Harry Mason, with his dental instruments appeared on the stage as the professional tooth exterminator and hardly gets settled in his office when in darts his first patient, Ignatius D. O'Neil, with his face all swollen and plastered up, and suffering great agony. He earnestly pleads to the dentist for quick relief and the latter readily

complies, but finds his large pinchers cannot enter the mouth, so at last hits upon a new idea, which he claims will revolutionize the world of dental surgery. Placing a soft piece of wool in a pan and applying it to the nose, he soon had his patient



MR. IGNATIUS O'NEIL.
One of the most Comical Actors

chloroformed. He then ties a stout string around the troublesome molar at the same time fastening the other end of the string to the uplifted foot. As soon as the patient returned to consciousness, the dentist gave him a terrible prick in the thigh with the result that the young chap with the swollen face instantly sprang to his feet with a mighty roar. The impact of the sudden jump instantly pulled out the noxious tooth. The dentist then demanded his fee, and, as his patient had not the ready cash, there seemed to be trouble, but matters were quietly calmed at last through a ready tip.

The sixth act seemed to be the best of all, which gave a vivid look into the home life of our Lady Provider and her servants, one of whom was carried off by a wall street bear to share the luxury of his mansion and his supposed millions. Miss Evelyn Elliott as "Jane, the Cook," entered first, bringing her cooking utensils and barrel of flour with her, but was soon called out by "Bridget" (Miss Mary O'Neil) to help her carry in her wash tub of



FRED W. TERRELL.



MISS EVA A. ZINGG.

steaming water. A roar of laughter rent the atmosphere as they turned up with the old bath tub of grandmother's days and what a picturesque smile Bridget wore as she sported about in her petticoat that reminded all of the days of long ago, when our mothers used to work that way. Next turned up Miss Mabel Cratchley as the favorite of the home dressed up like a queen and wearing the smile that wins all hearts. She wore an air of pride and dignity, but woe to the lassie who yields to blinded love. Following her came Miss Eva Zingg, the talented landscape artist with her easel and brush and last came "Mollie, the parlor maid" (Miss Rosa Moore) but she was more talkative than otherwise.

Suddenly the dogs were heard barking outside and the servants got in a flurry as from the windows they noticed a young man in evening dress, sporting a dandy moustache and a gold headed cane. It was Tony, the Dude from Wall Street. His mission to this home of the fair was evidently to "fish," judging by the way he acted, but our fair dames of this Canada of ours are not won over by the entreaties of gold and luxury, but love and humbleness. This dude from Millionaires' Row was, however, kindly received by the mistress, who generously showed him through each room

and introduced him to each servant, to whom he bowed very courteously. Then he began to pay each a compliment as follows:—"You are a neat house keeper," said he to Molly, and got a heavy blow from her broom handle in return. Cooling himself down, he complimented Eva on her artistic ability, but had to make a lightning dodge from the artist's outstretched brush, which she aimed at his nose. "How lovely you look," said he to the lovely queen of the house. "Thank you," answered Mabel as her whole countenance flushed with crimson. "Suppose this work is pretty hard," sympathetically spoke he to Bridget, and the answer was a wet-sheet and a flowing sea directly in the face almost drenching him. "Let me taste your cake," pleaded he of Jane. "No," growled the cook as she almost spoiled his dandy suit with flour. At each stage a roar of laughter issued for the play of the actor was more comical than words can describe. Finding that encouragement came only from Mabel, he went back to her and pleaded for



MISS MARY E. O'NEIL.

her hand. Mabel finally consented. He then asked leave for a moment and soon returned with an old wheel-barrow, in which he took his bride for a trip around the world.

The next act was the photographer's troubles, in which Miss Mary O'Neil and Mr. John Ellis with their baby were the hayseeds from the country and gave Harry Mason a hard job as he vainly tried to get a good photograph of them.

"Pilgrims Progress" was next produced, Philip Fraser being "Mr. Worldly," William Watt as Mr. "Greedy" and Charles Elliott as the good christian. Each tried to demonstrate their superiority, but the good christian soon put the other two to shame by his love, upright and honest principles.

Mrs. Henry Moore and Miss Evelyn Elliott then recited the National Anthem in grand style and after Mr. Slater had called for a vote of thanks to those who were most instrumental in helping to get it up, Mr. Bridgen closed with prayer.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Death of William Sanford Oldest Deaf-Mute in Province.

William S. Sanford passed away very suddenly at his home in Weston, Kings county, on February 14th, at 12 P.M., at the age of 83. He was the eldest son of the late Jonathan and Melinda Sanford. Mr. Sanford was the first deaf-mute in Kings county and through kind friends received his education at Hartford, Conn. His death came very unexpectedly. Although he seemed in his usual health he passed away while sleeping in his chair. He was a man of good intelligence and highly respected by all who knew him. He experienced religion while at school and for years was a faithful member of Berwick Baptist church.

Mr. Sanford had the homestead and was a successful farmer. His house and barn were models of neatness. His son, Lorne, was also a progressive farmer.

Mr. Sanford was twice married, both his wives being mutes. His first wife was Miss Taylor, of Vermont, who died in 1858. Afterwards he married Miss Emma Lucas, of St. John, N. B., who survives him. They had four children, of whom all are dead. Three daughters died in childhood, the eldest being thirteen years of age. Their only son, Mr. Lorne W. Sanford died in January 1899. He was married and left two daughters.

The funeral took place on Saturday and was largely attended, Pastor G. P. Raymond officiating. Interment was at Berwick cemetery.

With Our Exchanges

CONDUCTED BY R. B. LLOYD.

Mr. Griffiths, for twenty years engineer at the South Dakota school, has resigned and he and his wife will go to Washington state, their future home.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Superintendent Goodwin has succeeded in getting the Legislature, recently in session, to enact a Compulsory Attendance Law for the Deaf of our State. We trust that it may effect a great good. The indifference of some parents to the education of their deaf children has been lamentable and irreparable.—*Deaf Carolinian*.

There are in the United States ten Protestant Episcopal deaf-mute ministers, one Baptist and two Methodists. Besides, they have lay-readers and exhorters.

Although the priesthood is not open to the deaf in the Roman Catholic community, yet there are a good number of deaf-mutes assigned to the mission work among the deaf.—*Californian News*.

On Friday, Feb. 8th, Supt. Clarke and his corps of eight teachers at the Rome, New York, school, took a trip to Rochester, N. Y., where they inspected the Western New York school which is under the able management of Dr. Westervelt. A visit of this character can not fail to result in much good to both parties interested, as an exchange of ideas in regard to the work is always beneficial. Our friends at the Iowa and Nebraska schools, which are located at Council Bluffs and Omaha, enjoy this privilege and find it a very happy one.—*Ill. Advance*.

Educators of the deaf are unanimous in their opinion that it is impossible for even fairly satisfactory work to be done in the school room when the number of pupils in a class is more than fifteen. In all American schools there are not more than twelve in a class, and in some even less. In Chicago day schools for the deaf there are at present twenty-one teachers for about two hundred pupils, and the authorities insist that forty teachers should be employed to get the best results—an average of about five pupils to a teacher. Some of the classes in our school have twenty and the average is seventeen, so we are sadly handicapped in our efforts to secure the highest attainable results.—*Canadian Mute*.

In Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., a certain number of free scholarships are provided and maintained by the General Government. Iowa is entitled to its proportion, but the poorer classes of our pupils, no matter how good the record made with us, can not avail themselves of this privilege, owing to the cost of transportation, books, proper incidentals. An appropriation of \$500.00 annually and disbursed under your direction will permit our deserving but poor pupils to secure a part, at least, of a higher education recognized in this enlightened age necessary to success and happiness.

In a few states of the Union similar action has been recommended and in one of the western states adopted and approved.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

One of the boys was not pleased with the way nature had thatched his forehead. His soul yearned for an Apollonic brow, high, broad, and with no hair on it, indicating intellect, high ideals and aspirations, and all that. Unfortunately the hair sprang forth in luxuriant quantity just about an inch above his eye brows. Was he to bear with so meager an expanse of forehead when it is not uncommon to see men who have no hair from their eye-brows way back nearly to their collar buttons? Not he! He got his razor and his lather and proceeded to improve upon nature's handiwork. But a week later his forehead looked like he was growing a row of tooth-brushes for a crown, and now he shaves his head no more.—*Silent Hoosier*.

Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D.D., died on the 30th ult. of pneumonia at his home in Phillipsburg. He had reached the eighty-fourth milestone, and had been preaching for sixty-one years. Mr. Clerc was the first to conduct services for the deaf in Philadelphia at Calvary Church and subsequently at St. Andrew's. After his removal to Phillipsburg, the need of a church for the deaf was felt with the result that All Soul's was established with Rev. Henry W. Syle in charge. Rev. Francis Clerc was the oldest son of Laurent Clerc for whom the C. L. A. was named, and naturally showed no little interest in the deaf. A daughter and son mourn the loss of their father. He had a host of both deaf and hearing friends who are lamenting his death. Of the six children of Laurent Clerc only Mrs. Henry C. Deming and Chas. M. Clerc now survive.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Few people outside of those who have experience in the class-room have anything like a reasonable idea of the work required, both on the part of the teacher and pupil, in the successful training of the deaf. Visitors come in the school-rooms where there are children from eight to ten years of age and it is not uncommon to be interrogated as to what reader these children are using. We receive letters sometimes from relatives inquiring about some child that has just entered school and wants to know if he will soon be able to write a letter home. No doubt but many of the friends of the deaf are disappointed as to the educational results of the first few years. When attention is called to these matters when it is remembered that comparatively nothing is taught deaf children in the way of language while they are at home, it is easy to appreciate the difficulty of the task.

The deaf acquire as rapid a knowledge of names relating to objects as the hearing child, but when it comes to words of assertion and affirmation we have reached an almost insurmountable barrier with a young deaf person. At this point of the skill, energy and patience of the teacher is brought into requisition. It is only the best teachers that can show marks of progress in the use of abstract language in the instruction of the deaf.—*W. Va. Tablet*.

We have just changed supervisors. Our former man was so conscientious, and felt so afraid he could not do perfect work, that he gave it up. Our present supervisor, a former pupil, is very near perfect. He is a fine sign maker and understands the deaf and their peculiarities thoroughly. He is kind, but firm and resolute, energetic, faithful and watchful, yet one of the best disciplinarians you can find. When he gets up to sign a story, he carries the house by storm but when on duty, he changes to a man of great dignity and distinction. Long live Robert Chambers.—*Georgia School Helper*.

Pending in the legislature now in session, with reference to the State Institution is a bill which effects our school among other things, as follows: It provides for the appointment by the governor of a board of trustees of four members, one of which is to be a woman, no more than two of these four to belong to the same political party; it changes the name from Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb to Indiana State School for the Deaf, and it prohibits campaign contributions by any officer or employee of the Institution. The purpose of the bill is to take the institutions completely out of politics and place them on a thoroughly non-partisan basis.—*Indiana Correspondence Deaf American*.

In Berkeley, Cal., is a house which is just completed. The remarkable part of this house is that it has been built entirely by two totally blind men. It is said that carpenters watched the building with great interest and declared the general work as good as that performed by many builders with perfect eyesight. These two men, Joseph Brown and Joseph Martinez, lost their sight many years ago. They were door-to-door peddlers and made quite a lot of money, which they deposited in a San Francisco bank. At the time of the earthquake they lost all they possessed with the exception of this bank account. It was withdrawn, a lot bought and now the two energetic men have built themselves a comfortable home.—*Michigan Mirror*.

The other day two well dressed young men were visitors at our school. And when in one of the class rooms the older one said, "And do you have the deaf here and the mutes, too?" We delicately explained to the young man the fact that the term formerly universally used when referring to the deaf was deaf-mute, but that the term was almost obsolete now, and that we hoped the day would soon come when it would never be heard. In this connection it seems strange that some of the schools should cling to the word in the name of their school and in the name of the paper. By the way, these two visitors referred to, proved to be Mormon missionaries, and in another room they asked if religion were taught here and if so, what kind.—*Michigan Mirror*.

The pupils of the Colorado School were guests of Gen. W. J. Palmer, the Colorado Springs millionaire and philanthropist, one day last week. Gen. Palmer's estate, Glen Eyrie, is one of the most beautiful places even of Colorado Springs that boasts of its Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Canyon, and other spots scarce less wonderful or beautiful. The General sent carriages for the entire school at noon and he and the Misses Palmer devoted the afternoon to making their guests have a good time. A beautiful luncheon was served before the departure of the children for home. The General presented a fine portrait of himself to the school to be hung in the new building. He has been liberal to the school in the past; among other gifts the \$10,000 athletic field is one that is especially appreciated by the pupils. Gen. Palmer is builder of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Little Emma Kubieck, the deaf-blind girl who is being educated at the School for the Blind, was a visitor at our school Wednesday morning. She was accompanied by her teacher, Mrs. Helen Jordan, and by her mother, Mrs. Kubieck, of Southern Illinois, who is visiting in this city.

They visited the printing office where Emma was much interested in reading by touching the large types in the forms we were just getting ready for the press. She touched the type on the first page of this issue and recognizing the words at the head of the poem, "The Village Blacksmith," said she had read the poem. She understands the single-hand alphabet when spelled into her hand and replies vocally, in some instances. She is bright looking and has a sweet expression that wins her friends wherever she goes. Her education has progressed rapidly under Mrs. Jordan's untiring interest and devotion and she is a striking example of what can be done in the way of educating the unfortunate children of her class.—*Illinois Advance*.

The deaf-mute residents of Dubuque, who are in good standing and work for their own living, are highly indignant on account of the periodical visits of deaf persons and imposters, who make the round of the city begging money. Sometimes they solicit charity under the pretext of peddling wares, or raising money for alleged benefits of schools, etc. The aforesaid deaf-mutes caution the public not to patronize such persons, without inquiring of the police department whether the person is all right or not. They are almost unworthy, or frauds, who make rich harvests without work, and not only rob the public, but also legitimate merchants. They make a practice of traveling all over the country. Deaf persons in good standing never follow such practices. There is plenty of work everywhere for both sexes, and the Iowa association for the advancement of the deaf, which has a membership throughout the state, has a fund for the aid of the infirm and aged deaf-mutes but has never been called upon for aid, although its secretary made inquiries of county officials of the state for needy cases. These professional imposters and grafters give the respectable deaf a wide berth, while working their little racket, and when they do happen to meet, by chance, they are extra careful not to mention the charity subject. The imposters avoid them altogether.

There would be no objection in the case of genuine deaf persons, if able-bodied, if they sold goods of merit and with a license, and in cases where they are not able to work, they have a private source to aid them, which makes begging unnecessary.

These self-same beggars make more in a week than good factory hands do in a month or two, frequently.—*Deaf American*.

Of course it is well known that there are many deaf children who cannot speak that are very dull. It has been thought best for a long time to bring these children all together in one school where they might have special instruction. In its annual report to the Legislature the State Board recommends that the school of Rome, N. Y., be made place for receiving and instructing this class of children. This is a step in the right direction for it does not seem that the mentally defective should be made the playmates of bright children.—*The Mentor*.

Superintendent Tate, at the last meeting of the Teachers' Association of his school called attention to an evil that exists at many other schools besides his own when he said that the pupils do not remain long enough to obtain an education. The average number of years of attendance at the Faribault School is less than five, and at a number of other schools that we know of it is equally as low. What is the remedy for this state of affairs? Mr. Tate proposes to try a compulsory education law, and a bill is now pending in the Legislature requiring the attendance of all deaf children of the state of school age for at least a portion of the year.

Such laws, while desirable, are difficult to enforce even with hearing children who live close to a school, and it remains to be seen whether, in the event the bill becomes a law, it will prove a remedy for the evil complained of. We believe that such a law is on the statute books in Maryland, but we note that the attendance has increased but little if any since it was passed.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Acting upon information given by Mr. Geo. E. Fister, of Portland, Me., who saw in the papers that a wealthy lady, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently had bequeathed \$1,000 to a Society for Deaf-Mutes in Maine. Mr. Carlisle, the President of Maine Mission, engaged a lawyer to secure the legacy, and got it without much trouble, and it is now credited the Maine Mission, which together with other funds, has now about \$1,500. Good Luck!

The lady referred to was Mrs. Emeline Spofford, aged 90 years, lived in Bucksport, Me., for many years before she moved to Brooklyn, N. Y. Her brother was Prof. Fisher A. Spofford, once a teacher at Columbus, O., School for Deaf-Mutes. He died a long time ago. The lady took interest in the Maine Mission, and has made regular and liberal donations to the Mission for a long time, until two or three years ago when her regular contributions ceased, but she did not evidently forget the Mission as her will showed. She also bequeathed some money which together with her brothers and sisters amounting to \$40,000 to the town of Bucksport, Me., for the benefit of orphans and widows, paupers not included.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The Superintendent pleads for the enactment of a compulsory education law, all other means of reaching this delinquent class having proved inefficient.

The opponents of compulsory education argue the right of parents to control their children, as if the children had no right of their own. If a parent subjects his child to inhuman bodily treatment the law provides punishment commensurate with the offence, and yet if that same parent willfully deprives his afflicted child all opportunities of education, thereby perpetuating a wrong which can never be righted, there are many who claim that he is only acting within his rights.

The failure of a State to compel parents to send their defective children to school is far-reaching in its consequences. The wrong done to such children themselves is beyond calculation and irremediable, and the State thus augments the helpless pauper class which must be cared for at public expense.

Almost every town of considerable size now has a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Is it not time that some general move be made to prevent cruel injustice to helpless children?—*Goodson Gazette*.

Several of our graduates have taken up shoe-making after leaving school, having learned the trade here. Some of them are employed in shoe factories and others have opened shops for themselves. While in Chicago last fall, Mr. Minter, the instructor in that department, met Bettes Nauta, a former pupil, who was accompanied by his father and had come to the city from Waukegan to buy stock for his shoe shop located there. The elder Mr. Nauta was enthusiastic over the manner in which his son had learned his trade at our school and said he was doing a nice business with his shop which he opened in his home town after leaving here. This is only one instance where our shoemakers have made good. We might mention others, particularly Charles Weiss at Belleville, Claud Baker, Anna, Andrew Tate, DuQuoin, who are in business for themselves—conducting shoe-making and repairing shops—and doing well at it. It does not require much capital to go into this business and when one remembers that there will always be plenty of shoe repairing to be done, it would seem that this trade is a good one to teach in our schools. It has proven so at the Illinois school.—*Ill. Advance*.

The growth of American schools for deaf children is something to be proud of. Less than one hundred years ago there was but one small school in existence. To-day there are one hundred and thirty, representing an investment of \$15,000,000.

The total cost of maintaining these schools last year was in round numbers, \$3,200,000, and the average per capita cost of tuition and maintenance was \$260.

This is a large sum, but it pays. The educated deaf are almost wholly self-supporting. They are found in every walk of life as teachers, lawyers, ministers, dentists, newspaper men, mechanics, farmers, stock-men, printers, carpenters, painters, tailors, etc. They support their families and themselves and are rarely found a burden to the communities in which they live.

Fully ninety per cent of them are self-supporting. They are therefore in no sense to be considered a dependent class.

They lead normal Christian lives. They are rarely found among the law-breaking class. They are quiet, unobtrusive and sober-minded.

They are honest, industrious, temperate, loyal, and faithful. They are, for the most part, bearers of heavy burden, workers with the hoe, but they are seldom found among the vicious, immoral and tainted classes of the community.—*Dr. A. L. E. Crouter*.

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